Raymond Robin's Own Story

William Hard

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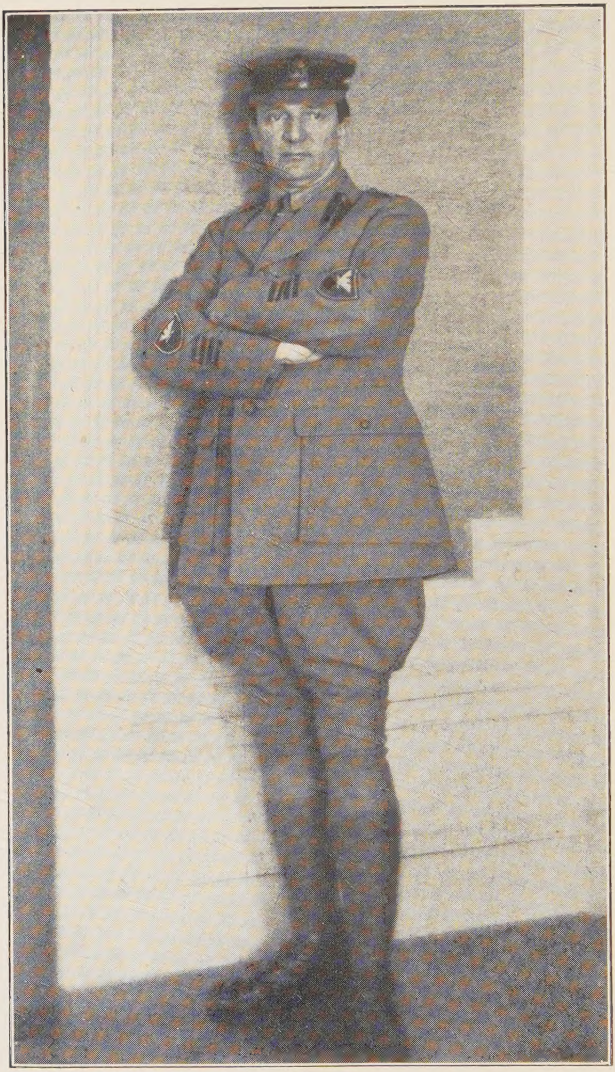

COL. RAYMOND ROBINS

Raymond Robins' Own Story

by

William Hard

With Many Illustrations
From Photographs

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RAYMOND ROBBINS'S OWN STORY

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Raymond Robins' Own Story

I

THE ARRIVAL OF THE SOVIET

WITH Bolshevism triumphant at Budapest and at Munich, and with a Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies in session at Berlin, Raymond Robins began to narrate to me his personal experiences and his observations of the dealings of the American government with Bolshevism at Petrograd and at Moscow.

But he was not merely an observer of those dealings. He was a participant in them. Month after month he acted as the unofficial representative of the American ambassador to Russia in conversations and negotiations with the government of Lenin.

Throughout that period he saw Lenin personally three times (on an average) a week. Incidentally, the degree of eagerness felt by the Allied and American governments to make Lenin's acquaintance and to learn his actual character and his actual purpose, good or bad, may be judged from the fact that during all those months Col. Raymond Robins of the American Red Cross was the only Allied or American officer who ever actually had personal conferences with Lenin.

Lenin speaks English fluently. He was talking one day about Russia's industrial backwardness and he made a saying which Robins now calls especially to mind.

Russia's backwardness in industry is a grave handicap to Russian Socialism. Russia is poorly prepared for the socialist experiment. Lenin knew this. Whatever else he may be, he is a man of knowledge, of great knowledge, a laborious student and scholar. He was speaking of the prospects of Socialism in Russia, and he said:

"The flame of the Socialist revolution may die down here. But we will keep it at its height till it spreads to countries more developed. The most developed country is Germany. When you see a Council of

Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies at Berlin, you will know that the proletarian world revolution is born."

We see that Council to-day, and we see Allied and American diplomacy considering it and striving, in one way and another, to deal with it. That is why Colonel Robins is especially moved to speak at this moment. He saw the diplomatic methods which failed to deal successfully with Bolshevism at Petrograd and Moscow, and he feels that he has every reason of practical experience to believe that they will equally fail at Berlin and at Budapest and at Munich and at every other place where they may be tried.

The failure at Petrograd and at Moscow was complete. The United States went away from Petrograd and from Moscow diplomatically vanquished. Colonel Robins ventures to state the fundamental reason for our discomfiture. But, before stating that reason, I must, in one respect, state him.

He is the most anti-Bolshevik person I have ever known, in way of thought; and I have known him for seventeen years. When he says now that in his judgment the economic system of Bolshevism is morally unsound and industrially unworkable, he says

only what I have heard him say in every year of our acquaintance since 1902.

He was living then at a settlement in Chicago called the Chicago Commons. It had an open forum called, I think I remember, the Free Floor. On that Free Floor, and in little halls on North Clark Street, and in all sorts of other places, Robins and I heard all sorts of Bolshevik oratory in the Chicago of the early innocent twentieth century. We did not need to wait for the developments of the year 1919 in order to know that Bolshevism, after all, was not invented during the Great War by the German General Staff as a war measure. We heard Bolshevism in Chicago, all of it—the Dictatorship of the Proletariate, the Producers' Republic, the Election of Legislators by Industries, the Abolition of All Classes Except the Working-class—absolutely all of it, in the oratory of sincere and eloquent fanatics almost two decades ago. And it existed long before we heard it.

But Raymond Robins' favorite intellectual pursuit was to go after it with all the arguments he could think of. In forums and in halls and at that earnest gathering of local truth-seekers called the Friday

Lunch Club he never missed an opportunity to argue against Bolshevism and against every other form of Socialism. I remember that once, when he heard from some false source that I was about to make the hideous mistake of joining the Socialist party, he kept me up till two o'clock in the morning, making me one of his best public orations, all to myself, to dissuade me. He would go to any distance out of his way in order to save any brand from the Socialist burning.

To-day, because he opposes American and Allied military intervention in Russia, certain hasty or malevolent persons try to stamp the stigma of Bolshevism on him. I only ask: how many of those persons have ever said one word against Bolshevism where to say it was dangerous? Robins spoke against Bolshevism in Petrograd itself. He labored against Bolshevism, and is publicly recorded to have labored against it, all through the period while Russia was making its choice between Kerensky and Lenin. Robins has been consistently and continuously anti-Bolshevik, in America and in Russia; but he saw the failure of our diplomacy in Russia; and he had a chance to perceive the reason, the instructive reason.

He calls it the Indoor Mind.

The Indoor Mind goes to a country like Russia, where 7 per cent. of the population had been masters of everything. It finds the 7 per cent. swept out of mastery and the 93 per cent. in full control, with twelve million rifles in their hands. But it gives itself to the 7 per cent. It gives itself to drawing-rooms, dinner-parties, tea-tables, palaces, boulevard restaurants. There it hears at last about a thing called a Soviet. But what does it hear?

It hears that the Soviet is a deliberately wicked and artificial thing. It hears that the Petrograd Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, and the Moscow Soviet, and the Irkutsk Soviet, and all the other Soviets springing up at almost every cross-roads all over the fifteen hundred miles from Archangel to Odessa and all over the six thousand miles from Kiev to Vladivostok, are produced by the machinations of the agents of the Kaiser. They are a German intrigue. That is what the Indoor Mind hears, and it believes it.

And what turns out to be the fact? The fact, as proved by events subsequent, soon subsequent, turns out to be that these

Soviets, instead of being a mere German intrigue, were a tidal wave of irresistible popular emotion, as spontaneous, as Russian, as a folk-song on the Volga.

Never, says Robins, never in this age of emotions of peoples, in this age of movements of populations, will diplomacy be able to deal with foreign politics till it discards the Indoor for the Outdoor Mind.

Robins' duties in Russia took him outdoors. By fate, by chance, he was obliged to go out among the Russian people. He was used to outdoors and to people. When I first knew him he had lately returned from gold-hunting in Alaska, where he had hunted successfully enough to be able to live in modesty during the rest of life without any further such hunting anywhere; and on the night on which he unnecessarily saved me from Socialism he departed, after three hours' sleep, to open up the Chicago Municipal Lodging House where he did his best to restore broken men to a sound life. He had known miners and he had known vagrants, and he had known fanatical Socialist reformers, and he had known solid middle-class reformers in the course of his labors with the Municipal Voters' League

for the return of honest aldermen to the Chicago City Council. He had been a down-on-the-ground precinct-by-precinct political worker. Going outdoors in Russia did not hurt him.

Through going outdoors, he found the Soviet—he knocked his shins against it—when diplomats were only hearing about it. The Bolsheviks afterward, in order to capture Russia, had to capture the Soviet. The Soviet turned out to be the strategic, the vital, thing. Robins' narrative begins therefore with the adventures through which the Soviet was revealed to him.

Certain hints of the Soviet were borne to the members of the American Red Cross Mission even while they were still in Siberia on their way from Vladivostok to Petrograd. At the Siberian town of Chita, just over the Chinese frontier, they were stopped and examined by a local government acting on its own responsibility. It called itself a Soviet. It consisted simply of elected representatives of local workmen and of local soldiers.

Robins was not at that time the commander of the Red Cross Mission. But it was supposed, or hoped, that his familiarity

with the labor movement in America might enable him to say the fitting word to the labor movement in Chita; and he was visited by a stroke of great good fortune.

He remembered the day when he had taken part in a movement in Chicago for preventing certain Russian political refugees from getting deported from America back to Russia. He remembered the American Political Refugee Defense League, and Christian Rudowitz and Anton Pouren. They were not criminals. They were political opponents of the Czar. Robins was able to stand up in their country now, at Chita, and tell the story of their experiences in America. He had been secretary of the league formed to help them; and they had been helped. They were not deported back to Russia. They were permitted to remain in America. America was true to its tradition as an asylum, a secure asylum, for refugees whose crime was love of liberty. It was the theme for a good speech, and Robins was diplomatically fortunate in being able to make it, but he could not help reflecting on the curiousness of the forcible stopping of an official train by a local government.

It was merely local, and it was altogether

extra-legal. The legal government was the Kerensky government. The Kerensky government, centered at Petrograd, was operated locally through Dumas and Zemstvos and so on. This Soviet was a volunteer thing, really a private thing. But Robins was soon to find out that even under Kerensky it was the thing with authority, with power.

The train proceeded westward and passed through Irkutsk; and then, at Krasnoyarsk, there was again a Soviet. The rumor came that this Soviet would also stop the train. The managers of the train dodged. They waited for a certainly clear track and for a quiet hour in early dawn, and they dashed through Krasnoyarsk without stopping. This Soviet at Krasnoyarsk was reported to be Bolshevik. Bolshevism had triumphed in a remote provincial town at a time when yet it could not raise itself to strike in Petrograd.

The American Red Cross Mission arrived in Petrograd on August 7, 1917. Bolshevism was far indeed from triumph there. Trotzky was still, or had lately been, in jail. Lenin was in virtual hiding. On August 8th there was a conference between the American Red Cross and Kerensky; and then, on days soon following, Robins met Miliukov and

Kornilov and Madame Breshko-Breshkovskaya and Prince Kropotkin; and all his immediate personal official associations in his Red Cross work came to be with the supporters of the Kerensky government against the Bolsheviks; and he thought no more about the Bolsheviks or indeed about the Soviet till his work obliged him to make a trip out of Petrograd.

He had been assigned by the commander of the Red Cross Mission, Col. Frank G. Billings, to work particularly at the problem of food-supply and at the problem of war refugees. There were many war refugees in southern Russia. Robins was despatched to southern Russia. "There," as he says, "I first really sensed the new power, the new social binder, which was growing into existence all over outdoors in Russia."

He came to Ekaterinoslav on the Dnieper, not far from the Black Sea; and he came to Kharkov; and he found Soviets. He found them feared by the 7 per cent.—the 7 per cent. who used to have a monopoly of mastery; and he found them bitterly hated and despised. He was told that in these Soviets, assuming to practise the arts of government, were men who just a few minutes before had

been common miners. This news perhaps did not work on Robins in the manner intended. His horror was perhaps modified by the reflection that he himself had been in his youth a common miner.

He used to work twelve hours a day, and in the winter-time he went down underground before the sun was up, and he ate lunch with the mules, and he came back to the surface after the sun had set, and he never saw the sun at all for weeks, and he got a dollar a day, and he is frank to admit that he needed no agitator to tell him he was working hard and getting little for it and had a grievance. I dare say that he calculated that these Russians could likewise perceive grievances and could likewise perceive the desirability of a little organization without being entirely dependent upon agitators for the idea.

But they had gone quite beyond a little organization in Kharkov. They had gone quite beyond the making of trade-unions. These organizations of workmen and of peasants, in Kharkov and its neighborhood, were veritably governments.

When Robins wanted to get anything really done he had to go and talk to them and

make arrangements with them. His pockets were full of Kerensky credentials. They were full of authorizations from the government of Petrograd. When he presented any such document, he was treated kindly, but he was treated rather pityingly, as if he were a child showing a letter from Santa Claus, authorizing him to have a train. It happened that Robins did want a train. He wanted several trains, to carry his Red Cross supplies. "But," said people, "if you really want trains, you must see the men in the Soviet."

And it was so. The Soviet was master now. From the Soviet, not from the regular authorities, Robins got the trains and also the farm-wagons that he needed. If the men in the Soviet said he could have the farm-wagons, he had them. If they said a train could set forward, it set forward. And if they said it could not set forward, it could not and did not set forward.

By proof of fact these Soviets had authority. They had the power. Robins went back to Petrograd much more enlightened. but also much more disturbed.

On his way back he passed through Moscow. He had passed through Moscow be-

fore, on his way out down south to Ekaterinoslav and Kharkov. The great Moscow All-Russian Conference of August, 1917, had then just been in session. Its results now recurred to him with redoubled force.

There were two chief results. The first was seen in the demeanor of a certain set of delegates. They sat by themselves compactly. They behaved compactly. Alone in the great hall they seemed to constitute a body of opinion knowing exactly what it wanted and knowing exactly how it proposed to get it. In the midst of a Russia of irresolution and of indecision they were clear and emphatic. They were ominous. They were the delegates from the Soldiers' and Workmen's Soviets.

The other result was smaller, but more dramatic, and it had consequences more immediate.

On the last day of the conference there was a scene coming close to a physical encounter. A group of Cossack officers were challenged in statement by Kerensky. They challenged him in turn. There was a storm of words, short, sharp. In its lightning the cleavage stood clear between Kornilov, the Cossack, the general soon to lead a revolt

for "law and order and discipline," and Kerensky, the man in office, the man forced to compromise between the wishes of the Allies for "law and order and discipline" and the wishes of the Russian people for bread and land and peace.

By the time Robins got back to Petrograd the Kornilov revolt was in full swing. That is, it was swinging as much as it ever did or could. The Allied embassies and missions had been able to hear it about to swing thunderingly through the whole country from the Black to the White seas. Instead, it barely moved. It simply creaked and stopped. As Robins puts it, the Indoor Mind had guessed wrong again.

In the Allied embassies and missions, Robins goes on to point out, there were numbers of men of the highest native ability and of immense experience and of the finest character and patriotism. It was their business to judge public events. That was their specialty. They were in Russia to guide their governments regarding the facts of Russian affairs. They earned their living doing just that sort of thing. Yet virtually every one of them, in sympathy, in policy, in influence, was with Kornilov. Virtually

every one of them put his money, so to speak, on Kornilov. And they were all wrong. They were betting the diplomatic favor of their countries on a horse that had no chance.

In the mean time there was in Russia an American business man, a copper operator. He wore an American uniform. He had become, for the time being, a colonel, in command of an American mission. He was head of the American Red Cross in Petrograd. Colonel Billings, the first head, had been obliged to return to America. He was succeeded in Petrograd by Col. William B. Thompson.

Colonel Thompson never took any stock in the Kornilov adventure at any time at any price. He was not a trained observer of foreign political affairs. He was a copper man. He was a financier. He was absolutely without diplomatic experience. Yet he went diplomatically absolutely right. Quite naturally, says Robins. Colonel Thompson used the methods of simple human inquiry, the methods of outdoor fact, instead of the methods of indoor gossip and surmise. By dwelling on fact he helped Robins to see that adventures like Kornilov's were impossible in Russia at that time.

Kornilov was appealing to the sentiment of law and order and discipline, and he needed a middle class. There was no such class in Russia. There was the 7 per cent., and there was the 93 per cent., and there was virtually nothing in between. The 93 per cent. were not interested in law and order. They were interested in the land-control and in the factory-control they thought they ought to have. They were an under class, rising, and willing to rise, by violence. They were not a middle class, resting on acquired property and responsive to a law-and-order program. There was no such class, and there was no such response, in Russia. The Allies were whistling to it, but Colonel Thompson knew it would not come because it was not there.

It might not have been expected that Thompson and Robins would come to an agreement about Russia. But they did. They came to an absolute agreement. They agreed with regard to the prospects of the march of Kornilov, and they agree now with regard to the whole Russian situation in general. It is remarkable, and it is also among the most convincing circumstances in the record. They came to the same view from widely separated stations of vision.

As Robins says, they look at life from altogether different windows.

Thompson is a man of great wealth, of great Wall Street wealth, a supporter and an organizer of the effort to get the Republican nomination for Elihu Root in 1916. When he first heard that Robins was to go to Russia with him, he revived to say: "That uplifter! That labor agitator! In the Red Cross Mission?" He was not pleased. Robins, for his part, is willing to say that Thompson and he did not come to their first meeting with any profound feelings of mutual esteem. They soon found, though, that they agreed on one thing fully. They agreed that you could not abolish facts by sitting and dreaming in palaces. They agreed that you could not make an army for Kornilov in Russia by sitting and imagining a social class and a political motive which outdoors in Russia did not exist.

Kornilov arrived in Pskov, on his way to Petrograd, with only 40,000 men. The next morning 20,000 of these 40,000 refused to go farther. Kornilov surrendered. Not a shot was fired. Kornilov's army was simply poisoned and disintegrated by the new Soviet culture.

It was the Soviet, not Kerensky, that won. Kerensky was in the Winter Palace. The Soviet was in Smolny Institute. Kerensky issued a proclamation, and effectively ceased. Smolny vigorously acted. It was from Smolny, not from the Winter Palace, that the orders issued which brought sailors down to Petrograd from Kronstadt and bivouacked them in the Field of Mars. It was from Smolny, not from the Winter Palace, that the energy came which dug trenches in front of Petrograd and lined the tops of Petrograd's buildings with machine guns. It was from Smolny that Bolshevik sailors went to the Winter Palace and dismissed the Cadet Guards there on watch and took their places and guarded Kerensky himself. Finally, and overwhelmingly, it was from Smolny that the arguments went out, the propaganda, the words, the philosophy, which disintegrated and dispersed Kornilov's army more than rifles or threats of rifles.

Even the Mohammedans took part in that combat of words. Robins has led a life of amazements, but there has been no more amazed moment in it than when he learned that the Executive Committee of the All-Russian Mohammedan Soviet was taking

a hand in repelling Kornilov by going out from Petrograd through delegates to have a little philosophical chat on class-consciousness with the "Savage Division" of Mohammedans in Kornilov's army.

These methods, taken together, were successful. Kornilov's soldiers did not fight. It was a bloodless folk-victory. It was a victory for the Revolution. It was a victory for the Soviet.

Thereafter men's eyes turned increasingly toward the Soviet and toward Smolny. Smolny, in Petrograd, was seen to be the nursing source and the radiating center of power. But whatever helped the Soviets helped the Bolsheviks. Just as the Soviet was more energetic and definite than the rest of Russia, so the Bolsheviks were more energetic and definite and purposeful than the rest of the Soviet. And Robins soon had a new and disheartening exhibition of their constantly enlarging power and skill.

An All-Russian Congress was called. It bore the name of Democratic Conference. It did not represent simply the soldiers and workmen and peasants. It represented other groups as well. It had delegates from the zemstvos and from the food committees

and from the co-operative societies and from the municipalities. It met toward the end of September.

At first the government got on quite well with it. Kerensky made it a speech, and was enormously applauded. The conference seemed to be for the government. It seemed to be for the war. But then the generalship of the Bolsheviks began to tell. In the notes Robins made at the time I find he jotted down the "platform generalship" of the Bolsheviks and their "real work with delegates." They worked really, realistically. They were not content with orations. They argued man to man, on the floor, getting votes. They were tireless, on the floor as well as on the platform. And there, on that platform, Robins had his first sight of Trotzky.

Trotzky was walking up and down. The spectacle of that platform, as I get it from Robins, could be said to be arranged in three tiers. First, farthest toward the back, was the presiding officer, the chairman. Below him was a row of men at a table. These men were the "Presidium." They were delegates selected from the different groups sitting in the convention to represent all groups together and to keep a sort of composite neu-

tral watch on the proceedings. Russians seem to have a passion for proportional representation. At their conventions they like to have a proportionally selected "Presidium." There it sat in a long row. It was the second tier. Finally, below it, between it and the audience, was the speaker. It was Trotzky.

He was walking up and down, slowly and calmly. He was not speaking. It was impossible for him to speak. People in the audience were speaking. They were speaking to him; and they were speaking severely and loudly. The words they used were "pro-German" and "German agent" and "spy" and "traitor." They roared. Trotzky walked up and down, and stopped, and pulled a cigarette from his pocket, and pulled a match, and lighted the cigarette, and smoked, and walked up and down. One man in the audience, to Robins' personal knowledge, had a gun with which, as he confided to his friends, he would shoot Trotzky as soon as Trotzky appeared. He did not shoot. Trotzky smoked for quite a while. Then, when there was a lull, he raised his arm and lashed that audience into complete subjugated silence.

Robins has heard many speakers. It has been part of his occupation to speak; and it has been almost part of his occupation to listen to speakers, to seek them out in order to listen to them. He has listened to them in this country and abroad. Besides himself practising the arts of public speaking on street corners and in ward conventions and in the pulpits of churches on Sunday mornings and in world-tours of the Men-and-Religion-Forward-Movement and in trade-union councils, and elsewhere, he has professionally watched those arts in others. Even his enemies will admit him to be a judge of speaking.

I gather from him that he is obliged to make a professional bow to Trotzky. He says that as a speaker he has never seen Trotzky's equal in the conquering of an audience, in the carrying off of it, on flights of passion, or flights of the mystery of the instant weaving of patterns of words. Trotsky has cleverness, and he has vehemence. He sprays the poison of his ideas upon his hearers with a penetrating force which even Robins' sophisticated attention was stunned by. Robins could detest nobody's ideas more than Trotzky's. The one man is an

individualist and a preacher of religion. The other is a communist and a preacher of materialism. Their one point of contact is oratory. On that point Robins is inclined to regard Trotzky as unfortunately the world's champion performer.

Facing the Democratic Conference, Trotzky did not even bother to refer to the words "pro-German" and "German agent" and "spy" and "traitor." He paid no attention to them. He plunged straight into Bolshevism and into the Bolshevik program, and spoke for the program; and it began to win. Through Trotzky, through Kamenev, through Riazanov, through Stecklov, through hard work, through hard talk it began to win. Before that convention was over, among delegates who had started pro-government, the Bolsheviks had almost won an open anti-government victory.

As it was, they won a covert victory. They succeeded in getting the convention to vote down a resolution in favor of "Coalition with the Cadets"—that is, a resolution in favor of the Kerensky kind of government. They succeeded in getting the convention to refrain from indorsing the "Cadet Coalition" idea. And they succeeded in securing the

withdrawal of the resolution in favor of the war. It was withdrawn under their fire. Their spirit dominated the close of the conference. For Robins, for any pro-war man, for any man as nationalist as Robins, it was an ending most miserable, most foreboding.

The audience stood, unregardful of national Russia. The resolution for the war was gone. It was buried. The audience stood and sang the song, the hymn, called "The International." They sang it for their message. It was their word. They had no word for Russia. They had no word for the army. They had no word for the fight against the Germans. They had "The International." It might have been sung in Germany. It is to-day being sung in Germany. It was sung that night in Petrograd with the souls of the singers. It was the symbol of the triumph, covert and indirect, but still a triumph, of the Bolsheviks in that Democratic Congress of All Russia.

Robins listened, and went away, and went to work. He went to work against the Bolsheviks. Or, rather, he went to work against the peace movement in Russia.

Robins expresses himself strongly at this point. He wants to be perfectly sure that

he does not in any way give the impression that the peace movement in Russia was simply a movement of Bolshevik propaganda or simply a movement of any other sort of propaganda. He has just one hesitation. He knows, and he keeps on saying, that the full truth about Russia is not under any one man's hat. The full truth about Russia, for even any one month of the one fateful year 1917, may not be known till after decades of research by hundreds of inquirers. But Robins is willing to say, and does say:

"If I do not know more about the opinions of the common soldiers and of the common workmen who made the Bolshevik revolution of 1917 than any other *foreign representative* then in Russia, it is because my intelligence was not equal to my opportunities."

He had the opportunities, and he did not neglect them. When he saw that Trotzky was a power in the Democratic Conference he did not evade him. He went to where he was. He walked up to him and talked to him, just as in Chicago, when he was head resident of the Northwestern University Settlement and afterward member of the City Board of Education, and then member

of the City Charter Convention and chairman of the State Committee of the Progressive party, he talked to more different sorts of people, radical and reactionary, sacred and profane, than anybody else had ever collected into one acquaintance. More even than being a professional speaker and preacher, Robins is a professional collector of people and of people's opinions and ideas. Having seen him gather them in Chicago, all the way from the white right wing of the City Club to the red left wing of the Chicago Federation of Labor, I can readily see him, with his characteristic gait, as of an Indian on the trail, gathering them tirelessly in Russia—and systematically.

Every day he had before him on his desk, translated by a corps of Russian assistants, all the opinions of all the Russian newspapers regarding any matter of interest to America. He suffered nothing in the way of printed opinion to escape him; and he also gave himself to the study of that much more elusive kind of opinion, spoken opinion.

He studied it especially among the workmen and among the peasants in the organization destined to speak the final revolutionary word about Russia—the workmen

and peasants in the great demobilizing Russian army. He noticed in that army a certain number of heavily armored motor-cars. They were fortress-cars. They amounted to tanks. Robins watched them roll down the streets of Petrograd and compared them with civilian pedestrians, and even with military machine-gunners, and he regarded those tanks as the center of physical power in revolutionary Petrograd. In many other parts of the army he now had friends who carried to him continuously the spoken words of the private soldiers. But he was especially careful to have friends in the tank corps.

He communicated with private soldiers and they communicated with him. Some of the things he learned from them I shall soon relate. They gave him the knowledge he most valued. He knew Kerensky's government through scores of intimate official conferences with members of it regarding the work of the Red Cross. But he was most especially and particularly careful to know the feelings of the rank and file of the Russian 93 per cent.

Therefore with some confidence he ventures to say that he knew something about the peace movement among the Russian

soldiers, as well as something about the Bolshevik propaganda among them, and he gives it as his considered opinion that the Bolshevik propaganda was indeed urgent and active, but that, after all, it was much like the case of a man blowing with his breath in the same direction with a full-grown natural tornado.

Unless that fact is considered and frankly faced and admitted, says Robins, it is impossible to understand what happened afterward or what is happening now. A thick darkness of misery, of mental misery and of physical misery, more than any darkness of propaganda, was driving Russia toward peace. If we could even begin to take the measure of that misery, we could then also begin in some slight fashion to take the measure of the shut-eyed and shut-hearted stupidity which attributes the agonized convulsions of peoples in Russia and in Hungary and in Austria and in Germany to agitators and to pamphlets.

In Russian the industrial directing brain of the country was almost gone. Much of it had been German. When the war came, the Germans went. Some of them went back to Germany; and some of them sank

down into Russia and lived submerged. In either case they ceased to help to manage Russian business for Russia.

Then came forward the Russian part of the 7 per cent., the truly Russian part of it, out of the nobility, out of the universities, out of the professions, out of businesses. They volunteered to help organize the food-supply and the clothes-supply, and even the munitions-supply. Their spirit was magnificent and their service invaluable. They saved Russia from collapse and ruin during the first two and a half years of the war.

But then came the revolution, and then came the Soviet, and then the whole 7 per cent. became suspect. To the Soviet the whole 7 per cent., as a mass, was counter-revolutionary. The Soviet wanted "the fruits of the revolution." It wanted all land for the people. It wanted all industry for the people. It wanted outright Socialism, and wanted it at once. The 7 per cent. did not. The Soviet excluded the 7 per cent. But the Soviet was coming to rule Russia. Even under Kerensky, as Robins had seen at Kharkov, and as he now saw at Petrograd, the Soviet was coming to be the real government. Therefore, when the 7

per cent. was excluded from the Soviet, it was excluded, more and more, from the real government, from the real direction of Russia. Russia, having lost the German part of its directing brain, now began to lose most of the experienced native Russian part of it. More and more it had no directing brain at all, no brain experienced and skilled in the technical directing processes necessary to the production and distribution of commodities.

So Russia began to lack food and raiment and fuel. In its great centers of population and of demand and of need, Russia began to be underfed and underclad and underwarmed. It began to suffer, at first slightly, then horribly. It stood in the gale of the World War with an empty stomach, shivering and angry. And the Allies said, "Fight!" Robins heard the answer.

He heard it in his translations of the newspapers. He heard it in his reports from his friends and agents in the army. He heard it with his own ears during his own numerous visits to army barracks. It was the well-known answer. It was, emphatically and simply:

"Who made us fight? The Czar. What

did the Czar want? The Dardanelles. What do we care about the Dardanelles? Nothing.

"Why do the Germans fight? Because the Kaiser makes them.

"Why do the Allies fight? Because their rulers make them, by conscription. What do their rulers want? They want Syria for France and Mesopotamia for England and some Greek islands for Italy. When we ask them why, when we ask them to speak their full mind, they say this is no time for speaking.

"We will speak. We will speak to everybody. We will speak to the Germans. They are workers and peasants, too. Nine out of ten of them are workers and peasants. We do not want their land. They do not want ours. We will speak to them, and when we speak to them and tell them what is in our hearts, they will not fight us any more. Why should they?"

Perhaps only Russian peasants, if one may believe what one conventionally hears about them, could have been so beautiful and so silly. Of course, the day may come when beauty will fill the world, and the silliness of men is said to be one of the means of Providence to the dawning of that day. There is

some such hint in Scripture. But no such day was shining in 1917. In 1917 Robins was solidly certain that Ludendorff's troops would not lay down their arms at the approach of arguing Soviets, even if the Mohammedan Soviet went along with its most cogent and convincing thoughts. Robins cast about, therefore, for arguments with which to combat the arguments of this fanatical but natural peace movement and with which to persuade the Russian soldiers that it was really actually practically necessary for them to fight.

The Allies, of course, were conducting a propaganda in Russia. All governments were conducting propaganda everywhere, and whining because other governments were conducting it. The propaganda of the Allies in Russia was simple. It was simple-minded. It proceeded on the theory that what the Russians wanted to be sure of was that the Allies would win.

The fact was that what the Russians wanted to be sure of was that the Allies were fighting for good ends and not simply for territorial ends. The Allied propaganda, perhaps, did not even know that fact. It assumed that the Russians were looking for

the band-wagon, and that if they saw that the Allies had it, they would at once climb back aboard on the Allied side.

Therefore the Allies got out propaganda in Russia dealing almost entirely with their terrific physical strength. France had better artillery, and presumably more of it, than any other nation in the world. The British fleet sailed the seas defiant and dominant and undefeatable. America was sending airplanes to Europe in numbers to darken the skies. America, in hundreds of shipyards, was building thousands of ships to carry millions of men to Europe in a few months. The Allies were bound to win. The Russian soldiers looked and said, "Let them." They said: "We have lost more men than all of them put together. We have taken our turn at it. If they are so strong, let them go ahead and finish it."

This sort of thing, the American Red Cross Mission thought, was a dead loss. Colonel Thompson decided to try to organize a new effort. He gathered together a group of representative and powerful Russians. It was agreed that a great educational work, a great and friendly and legitimate educational work, could be and ought to be con-

ducted among the Russian people. The aim of it should be to show the Russian people that on their own behalf, without any reference to the Allies, it was necessary for them to fight the German Kaiser.

Colonel Thompson's enterprise rested on a frank acceptance of the Russian Revolution. He perceived, as a fact, that the Russian peasant was not interested in "saving" the Allies. The Russian peasant did not think of the Allies as his allies. He thought of them as the Czar's allies. He saw no reason for being "loyal" to them. The Russian peasant and the Russian workman, Colonel Thompson perceived, were interested, really, in just one thing—the revolution and the fruits of the revolution. He proposed, therefore, through writers writing very simply, and through speakers speaking very simply, to go to them and say:

"The one imperialistic power which is next door to you, and which is able to conquer you and which is actually trying to conquer you, is the power of the Central Powers. Its soldiers are advancing. You cannot stop them with Socialism. They knew Socialism before you knew it. They are hypnotized by the Kaiser and by false

patriotism. They are mad. They keep coming on; and with them, as you know, as you can see, on comes the old day once again in Russia. Wherever the Germans go, the old day goes with them. Back of the German bayonets are your own Russian barons, returning to take from you the land which is yours by the Revolution. Back of the German bayonets are your own old industrial masters, returning to give you the old twelve hours a day and the old two rubles a day instead of the eight hours and the fifteen rubles of the Revolution. Back of the Kaiser is the Czar, the Kaiser's kin, returning to destroy the Revolution itself. To keep the Czar down, to keep the revolution up, you must fight the Kaiser."

Truer words, in the light of that moment, it would manifestly have been difficult to frame. Colonel Thompson proposed to have them written and spoken throughout Russia. The Russian members of this new committee were in full agreement with him. They were persons of a standing certainly unimpeachable. They were:

Madame Catherine Breshko-Breshkovskaya, grandmother of the revolution, anti-Bolshevik.

Nicholas Tchaikovsky, leader of the peasant co-operatives, afterward head (under the Allies) of the Government of the North in the Archangel district, anti-Bolshevik.

Lazarov, formerly manager of the revolutionary "underground station" in Switzerland, anti-Bolshevik.

General Neuslochowsky, one of the most trusted of Kerensky's generals, anti-Bolshevik.

David Soskice, Kerensky's private secretary, anti-Bolshevik.

Such was the committee. It was strong in personnel, but it was weak in money. Colonel Thompson attended to that detail. He provided money to the extent of a million dollars. He deposited, in a bank at Petrograd, to be drawn on by the committee, an immediate fund of a million dollars out of his own private fortune.

Some people are saying now that the money Colonel Thompson contributed to affairs in Russia was contributed to the Bolshevik movement. They made this statement in an effort to argue against Colonel Thompson's conclusions and recommendations regarding American policy toward Russia. The effort may be legitimate, but

the statement is not. Colonel Robins says:

"I repeat to you what I said to the Senate Committee under oath. Colonel Thompson never contributed one cent in Russia to the Bolsheviks. But he did contribute one million dollars against the Bolsheviks. He contributed one million dollars of his own money to an organization for educating the Russian people to see the menace and the peril of the peace the Bolsheviks were advocating."

That organization got under way. The Kerensky government co-operated. Men were released from the civil service and from the army, men of character and of persuasiveness, to go out and spread the truth—the truth expressed in the indubitable fact that a victory for Germany would be a victory for the counter-revolution.

One million dollars, however, though enough for starting, was not enough for continuing. The project was one for the re-education of a whole people. No private fortune was adequate to it. Colonel Thompson, therefore, cabled to Washington.

In cabling he explained his enterprise and he also explained the need of it in the Russia of the moment, dwelling on the danger

that Russia might be hurried into peace and Bolshevism within a short time unless Russian public opinion could be reached and changed. He asked for one million dollars within ten days and for three million dollars a month thereafter during a period of three months.

He cabled. A week passed. Two weeks passed. Three weeks passed. Then a voice was heard from Washington saying that the idea suggested by Colonel Thompson was being carefully analyzed in Washington, and might be adopted, but that in any case a perfectly good representative of the Committee on Public Information would soon be on his way to Petrograd.

When the representative of the Committee on Public Information arrived in Petrograd, the Bolsheviks had been in power in Petrograd and in full control of the whole Russian situation for more than two weeks.

Deprived of support from Washington, Colonel Thompson's Russian Committee was obliged to revise its work and to taper it off. In the mean time the peace movement and the Soviet movement and the Bolshevik movement were all of them every day growing stronger. Robins now had an especially good opportunity to watch them. He began

to make regular scheduled public speeches to meetings of soldiers.

He had already spoken to soldiers occasionally; but on September 18, 1917, he began to speak to them daily, and he continued to speak daily until the Bolshevik revolution broke and stopped him. At armories, at arsenals, at barracks, in Petrograd and in the environs of Petrograd, he stood up and spoke at length through an interpreter, telling his hearers about America and about America's government, and about the reasons why America went into the war. He carried his message to many thousands of Russian workmen and peasants still in the army, and they were interested.

They were interested particularly in the subject of education in America. Our Western state universities amazed and delighted them. The fact that a poor boy could go all the way through the common school and then through the high school and then through the university, paying no tuition anywhere and getting a whole education by free grant of the state for the future benefit of the state in citizenship, was thrilling to them. Robins made the most of our democratic opportunities in education and of all

our other democratic opportunities for individual advancement. He also made the most of the democratic support given in America to the war.

He would call his hearers' attention to the fact that our business men did not need to go into the war to make money. They were already making money, large quantities of it, selling goods to the Allies; and they were making it without having to pay any war taxes of their own to their own government at Washington. Now, having gone into the war, they would have to pay heavy war taxes. That fact proved that our motive in entering the war was not commercial.

His hearers would listen attentively. Robins would speak for thirty minutes, and would then answer questions for two hours. After testing audiences in many parts of the world, Robins has come to the conclusion that a Russian audience can stand more punishment than any other audience living. The peasants and workmen who listened to him in armories and arsenals and barracks were willing to listen, and also to talk, to the end. Some of their questions, some of their statements, I have copied out, and I here reproduce from Robins' notes.

"Comrade, please say that we are grateful to the American Red Cross for its brotherly help."

"Comrade, please send our brotherly greetings to the working-men of America and tell them it is our deep wish that they support us by sympathy with our emancipation."

There would be many such expressions, but they would be followed by questions showing an instinctive suspicion of "capitalism" everywhere, including America.

"Comrade, we hear that in America strikes are broken by using policemen and soldiers against them. Is this true? Why is it true?"

"Comrade, are there any workmen and peasants in the American government? Are there any Socialists? How many?"

"Comrade, in America does not the capitalist get the surplus value of the labor of the working-man?"

The intention of such questions was unmistakable; and then, passing to the war, there would be questions indicating a profound dissatisfaction with Allied, and also with American, diplomacy.

"Comrade, why does the American government refuse passports to Socialists who

wish to go to Stockholm to talk with the Socialists of the world?"

"Comrade, why does America support France and England in their desire for annexations, and why does it not urge them, as we urge them, to adopt the principle of no annexations and of the self-determination of all peoples?"

"Comrade, why do not the Allies, why does not America, make a full and frank and direct reply to the questions asked by Russia regarding the aims of the war?"

So they went on, always, in the end, toward revealing their anti-war drift. Always, in the end, they showed their distrust of all "capitalistic governments," and their suspicion that the aims of the Allies were selfish and sinister, and their essential conviction that the war was a "bourgeois" war, and that the Russian proletariate had no proper place in it. They would usually express these views very politely, but sometimes they were restive, and now and then they seemed inclined to rise and sweep Robins from their presence.

He was speaking one night in a great military building at Gachina, some thirty miles from Petrograd. He has reason to remem-

ber that building distinctly. It had a high, curved, dark roof; and it was lighted flaringly and yet dismally, with spots of brilliance and with great areas of shadow, by oil-flame torches. The speaker's stand was reached by a ladder. Robins climbed the ladder and got into the stand and spoke.

I dare say he contrasted strongly with the Russians before him. He is among the Americans on whom the American climate and environment have perhaps already had a physical effect. His complexion is quite dark, with not a little in it, I should say, of a coppery coloring; and his black hair has an Indian straightness; and his eyes have the searchingness of the forest and the prairie; and the contours of his face have a weathered suggestion of the modeling done by America on the faces of those who preceded us in our present hunting-grounds; and, finally, perhaps just by chance, perhaps in order to mislead the observer into making groundless generalizations about climate and environment and into seeing resemblances which do not exist, it happens that his very oratory, in its gestures and in its actual words, in the simplicity of them, and in the art which turns simplicity gradually into

stateliness, is that of a sachem traditionally addressing an assembled tribe. In Russia he was perhaps at least unusual.

At Gachina, however, he was not popular. But he was not surprised. Everywhere, among all the soldiers, his arguments had been growing in unpopularity. So, feeling quite accustomed by now to a certain hostility, he persevered.

On the subject of American institutions he was listened to in silence, not without some respect; but on the subject of American diplomacy and of Allied diplomacy he began to be interrupted; and on the subject of the war in general and of Russia's participation in it he began to be mobbed. Masses of men seemed to rise in a black wave toward the stand. There Robins stood, with a Russian officer, high and dry, but not happy, while great shouts of "Imperialists" came at them and a great multitude of arms waved the shouts on. Robins did his immediate best to get those arms to subside. After a while, when they seemed less numerous and less earnest, he called to the Russian officer for the ladder, and he descended. And then he got an evidence of a certain peculiar boisterous good humor in Russian people.

As he made his way across the hall toward the door at the other end of it, he saw a compact group of soldiers running at him. He thought he knew their purpose. But he was in error. Instead of being picked up on their bayonets, he was picked up in their arms, and they began to treat him to the ceremony which they visit upon their leaders on occasions of special approval and affection.

They tossed him in the air and caught him, and tossed him and caught him again, and then again and again. With the second or third toss he began to perceive that he was not being killed. He was being applauded! Seldom, I imagine, has he had more satisfaction in surviving to say: "Gentlemen, I thank you."

But those soldiers were not for the war. They wanted to show Robins that no personal hard feelings were being entertained, but they were not for the war. At Gachina and at virtually every other armory and arsenal and barracks that Robins visited his hearers were cold to the war. Coming back from addressing the Machine-Gun Corps at Stalna on October 22d, I find he made this despairing note in his diary: "The war is dead in the heart of the Russian soldier."

The one thing living in that heart was the revolution, and the one thing toward which that heart turned for the full success of the revolution was the Soviet. Lenin and Trotzky put those two facts together—the revolution, the Soviet. By that combination they opened the door to their triumph.

Robins expresses it by saying that the Bolsheviks won Russia with five words. They said, "All Power to the Soviet." It was a formula, a slogan, that had nothing to do directly with land or with industry or with war and peace. It had to do simply and entirely with what sort of government Russia should have. Lenin and Trotzky realistically perceived that the Soviet, at that time, in fact, was Russia's one effective public authority; and they unswervingly proclaimed that it should be supreme. Over and over again, tirelessly, they said, "All Power to the Soviet!" Other things might or might not be. One thing, said Lenin and Trotzky, had to be. "*All Power to the Soviet.*"

Toward the end of October Robins' special friend in the tank corps came to him and made a report, showing that now in the tank corps there was the same sentiment that there was in the rest of the army. He said:

"The men are still divided about half and half between liking Kerensky and liking Lenin. But they are unanimous on one point. They are unanimously for the Soviet."

What was the lesson in that situation? Robins could see only one lesson anywhere in it. Colonel Thompson could see only one. It ran for them about as follows:

Kerensky is for the war. Therefore we Americans, we Allies, want Kerensky to stay in office. But the Soviet is the power. Russia will not stay in the war except through the power that really rules it—except, that is, through the Soviet. Therefore Kerensky must accept the Soviet and, with his authority, with his reputation, lead it—and lead it, if he can, his way, forward into the war.

It was the one possible plan in reason, but it turned out to be altogether not possible in practice. Kerensky, to be sure, seemed willing enough. He seemed to understand the situation. He seemed to be doubtful of just one thing. He seemed to be doubtful of the willingness of the Allies. He seemed to be doubtful of their willingness to recognize the existence of the Soviet.

Colonel Thompson decided to test the

Allies out. He invited certain Allied representatives to meet him in his rooms at the Hotel Europe. They came, and they expressed the sentiments which were the final sentence of death in the Kerensky chapter in the history of Russia.

At that meeting, at half past two in the afternoon of Friday, November 2, 1917, there were present the following men:

General Knox, military attaché to the British embassy at Petrograd and chief of the British Military Mission.

General Niselle, holding the same position at Petrograd for the French.

General Judson, holding the same position for the Americans.

General Neuslochowsky, for Kerensky.

David Soskice, for Kerensky.

Colonel Thompson, and, as his aide, Major (not yet Colonel) Robins.

Colonel Thompson opened the meeting by making a brief statement of the crisis and of the instant need of action. Then General Knox took the floor.

General Knox was not interested in the Soviet. He wanted to talk about the Kerensky government. He did so. He narrated the Kerensky government's historic frailties

and futilities, at length. Everybody present knew them, but General Knox wished to remind everybody present. In particular he seemed to wish to remind General Neuslochowsky and Mr. Soskice. He left nothing out. At any rate, he seemed to Robins to leave nothing out.

But then General Niselle took the floor. He remembered several faults of the Kerensky government which General Knox had forgotten. He mentioned them. With the Soviet knocking at the ramparts, General Niselle remembered all the troubles inside the ramparts. General Judson, the American general, was an entirely different sort of person. General Niselle, bound by the chains of his environment, seemed to remain a perfect indoor person to the finish. He finished by reciting the Russian military disaster at Tarnopol and by expressing the view that Russian soldiers were cowardly dogs.

Both Russians present, General Neuslochowsky and Mr. Soskice, left the room. They would listen no longer. They departed red, and also seeing red. They were through.

But General Knox was not through. He entered on a colloquy with Robins which I think I can exactly recite.

General Knox was thoroughly honest, thoroughly patriotic, thoroughly intelligent. He simply apparently had not informed himself. When Robins thinks of General Knox's opinions and statements on that day in the Hotel Europe, he is inclined to grasp at the thought that every diplomatic and military mission in the world ought to get a cable every morning saying, "Unless you go outdoors to-day, unless you find something outdoors to-day, among the common people of the country to which you are accredited, you will be dismissed at nightfall."

General Knox said to Robins, "You are wasting Colonel Thompson's money."

"If I am, General," said Robins, "he knows all about it."

"You should have been with Kornilov," said General Knox.

"You were with him," said Robins.

The General flushed. "Well," he said, "that effort may have been premature. But I am not interested in the Kerensky sort of government. Too weak. What's wanted is a military dictatorship. What's wanted is Cossacks. These people need a whip. A dictatorship's the thing."

Robins expressed the fear that they might

get a dictatorship in Russia quite different from the kind of dictatorship General Knox was thinking of.

"What?" said the General. "You mean Lenin and Trotzky? Bolsheviks? That soap-box talk? Colonel Robins, you are not a military man. I'll tell you what we do with such people. We shoot them."

Robins was a bit roused probably by this time. "You do," said he, "if you catch them. But you will have to do some catching. You will have to catch several million. General, I am not a military man. But you are not up against a military situation. You are up against a folks' situation."

"We shoot them," he repeated.

That was Friday. On Monday, three days later, the Bolsheviks took the Fortress of Peter and Paul in Petrograd, and also the Arsenal. On Tuesday, Robins spoke for the war at the Orenbaum barracks, and the Bolsheviks did better. They took the telegraph station and the telephone station and the principal railway station. On Wednesday, in the evening, Robins stood on a bridge across the Neva and watched Bolshevik sailors from Bolshevik ships firing shells in the air to explode over Kerensky's Winter Palace.

For Robins it seemed just about the end of the world. He was seeing Kerensky go down and Russia go down and the war against Germany go down, and therefore the whole world go down, with everything humanly supremely worth while in it defeated and lost. So he thought at the time. A mighty nation, and the world with it, was falling to pieces before his eyes under the fire of a new and incalculable social engine—the Russian Soviet.

He looked around for General Knox to shoot these Soviet people, or for some other stern resistance to them. There was none. That morning at two o'clock, at Smolny, the Soviet people met in their Second All-Russian Congress and decreed All Power to the Soviet and All Land to the People and All Industry to the People and elected to power the man—Lenin—who has held that power from that moment in November of 1917 to this moment in April of 1919.

But on the bridge across the Neva Robins made up his mind to a policy. He made up his mind that no matter where the power went he would follow it and look at it and see if in any way it could be made to serve the war and to serve the cause of the Allies

and of the United States. Adopting that policy and executing it, he came to the next chapter of his experiences—an intimate acquaintance, such as no other American or Allied representative for a long time even tried to get, with the government of Lenin.

II

TROTZKY'S PLANS FOR SOVIET RUSSIA

ROBINS went to see Trotzky shortly after the Bolshevik revolution had put Trotzky into office. I cannot quite think that he went in complete ease and confidence of mind.

Robins had taken part in much propaganda, both by word of mouth and by word of print, in support of Kerensky and therefore against the Bolsheviks. This was known; and Colonel Thompson, Robins' chief in the American Red Cross Mission, once quite naturally said to him: "Robins, do you know what will happen to you if our propaganda fails? You'll get shot."

When Robins came to Trotzky's door, there were soldiers there; and when he got inside, there was a man standing by Trotzky's desk who at once showed much excitement. "Kerensky-ite," he cried, pointing to Robins. "Counter-revolutionary." He had heard Robins addressing the Russian

soldiers against peace and in favor of fighting Germany. "Counter-revolutionary," he continued.

Robins raised his arm in a gesture he hoped was commanding and calm, and said to his interpreter:

"Tell Commissioner Trotzky it is true I did everything I could to help Kerensky and to keep the Commissioner from getting into power."

Trotzky frowned.

"But tell the Commissioner," said Robins, "that I differ from some of my friends. I know a corpse when I see one, and I think the thing to do with a corpse is to bury it, not to sit up with it. I admit that the Commissioner is in power now."

Trotzky looked mollified.

"But tell the Commissioner," said Robins, "that if Kornilov or Kaledine or the Czar were sitting in his place, I would be talking to them."

Trotzky looked less mollified. Robins hastened to state his whole errand.

"Tell the Commissioner," he said, "that I have come to ask him: Can the American Red Cross Mission stay in Russia with benefit to the Russian people and without

disadvantage to the Allied cause? If so, it will stay. If not, it will go."

Trotzky looked at Robins steadily, and considered. "What proof do you want?" he said.

Robins was prepared to ask a certain very definite proof. He mentioned it.

"I have thirty-two cars of Red Cross supplies," he said, "and I want to send them from here to Jassy in Rumania, consigned to the American Red Cross there. I want to change over from Kerensky guards to your guards, and I want those cars to go through to the Rumanian border under your Soviet frank. I want you to order your military people and your railway people to pass my train and to expedite it."

In making this request Robins had two purposes. He wanted to discover two things. First: Did the Soviet have the power to give protection to a train of supplies on its way across all central western Russia from Petrograd thirteen hundred miles to the River Pruth? Second: Would the Soviet be willing to move supplies away from the Petrograd district, where the Germans might get them, to Jassy, where the Germans were very unlikely to get them?

"Yes," said Trotzky, "I'll make the order."

He made it. It began:

To Comrades Podvoisky, Krylenko and Elizarov.
[They were, respectively, Minister of War, Commander-in-chief of the Army, and Minister of Ways and Communications. It continued:]

Kindly issue to the train of the American Red Cross Mission a paper asking all authorities, both military and railway, to give all aid and help.

L. Trotzky,
People's Commissioner of Foreign Affairs.

The train went through on schedule. It went through really on better than schedule. It arrived at Jassy in passenger-train time. And it arrived without having been in any manner molested or marauded on the way. Robins got a receipt in full for it from Colonel Anderson, head of the American Red Cross Mission in Rumania.

Thereupon, when people told Robins that the Soviet would extend no facilities to any Allied mission for any Allied purpose and that anyhow the Soviet had no power and no authority in Russia outside of Petrograd, Robins knew from his own experience that they were slightly in error, at least for that part of Russia extending from Petrograd

KRYLENKO—HEAD OF THE RED ARMY

southward. They were also slightly in error northward.

Robins had four hundred thousand cans of condensed milk, and certain other supplies, medical supplies, lying at Murmansk, the most northerly port of Russia. He wanted to get them down to Petrograd (especially the milk) to use in Red Cross relief work among the destitute. He discussed the prospect with General Poole, head of the British Economic Mission in Russia. The British had war-ships at Murmansk.

"Quite hopeless," said General Poole. "Probably the Murmansk Soviet has grabbed all your milk and drunk it by this time. Thieves. Might as well give it up."

Again Robins went to Trotzky. Again he got a Soviet frank, a Soviet order. And again it worked. Major Allan Wardwell, under Robins' command, got into a grand-ducal car, a car once a grand-ducal car, now a Soviet car, but still retaining all its luxurious furnishings of the Russian ancient régime, quite beyond the luxury of American private cars; and he proceeded to Murmansk. There the local Soviet perused the order from the headquarters of the national Soviet at Petrograd; and some of the cans of milk that

had been stolen from the docks by real thieves were traced and brought back; and all of Robins' supplies were put on Bolshevik trains and were started to Petrograd.

They arrived in Petrograd, and they were distributed in Petrograd, under Bolshevik protection, perfectly safely. There was a little trouble, indeed, from hungry families. Robins wanted to hold the milk in his warehouse for several weeks and to keep it ready for the time when the greatest scarcity in the local milk-supply was due to happen. Some frantic fathers and mothers tried to storm the warehouse and get the milk out of it at once. Robins asked for Soviet guards, on behalf of the property of the United States. He got them, and they were effective. He held his supplies as long as he wanted to, and then he distributed them exactly as he wanted to, under a protection formally promised and scrupulously delivered.

But again he went to Trotzky. This time he challenged him to a sterner proof.

There existed then in Russia certain great accumulated stores of raw materials, useful to the Russians but useful also and attractive to the Germans. There were copper, lead,

nickel, cotton, hides, oils, fats. Often these things were hard to reach, because many railroads were broken down or jammed. They were hard to reach, but they were present, and the Germans were making every effort to get them out. There was an embargo forbidding exports from Russia to Germany. But the Germans were finding holes in it, surreptitiously.

At Viborg, a hundred miles northwest of Petrograd, Robins' agents found fifty-four cars loaded with metals and destined to Helsingfors in Finland, and thence to Sweden and to Germany. Robins had prudently provided himself with agents who were vigorous enough to stop those cars, but they could hold them, of course, only temporarily. To do anything with them permanently, they needed an order from Petrograd.

Robins said to Trotzky: "Will you stop those cars permanently, and will you do more? Will you confiscate what's in them? It's all contraband, contraband trying to run the embargo. Will you issue an order of confiscation?"

Trotzky issued the order, and he went still farther. He sent some of that contraband, useful for war, up to Murmansk,

where it lay under the guns of the resident British war-ships, quite considerably secure from German seizure.

By this time Robins was convinced of one thing about Trotzky's pro-Germanism, namely, that it took strange forms. Why should Trotzky stop supplies on their way to Germany? And why should he send any such supplies to a remote port, dominated, in the military sense, by the Allies?

Robins knew, of course, that Trotzky had formerly served Germany in ways which are puzzling to people who try to explain him as a German spy. In 1914, for instance, as soon as the war broke out, Trotzky wrote, in Switzerland, a pamphlet entitled "The War and Internationalism." It was addressed to the working-men of Germany and was smuggled into Germany by Swiss socialists. It denounced the German Socialist party, as a party, for supporting the Kaiser's war and it called on German working-men at large and in general to stop supporting it. For this service the German authorities tried Trotzky, then a vagrant refugee on the face of the earth, and sentenced him to imprisonment when caught. Trotzky had a clear recollection of the news of that sen-

tence in the newspapers. Three years later, in 1917, at Brest-Litovsk, when he was invited, as Commissioner of Foreign Affairs of the Russian Republic, to go to a German city to continue the peace negotiations, he remarked: "I have to remind you that I still lie under a certain manifestation of displeasure by the German imperial government."

Robins also knew that in 1905, when the Kaiser was giving the Czar all possible support against the Russian revolution of that year, Trotzky led the revolution in the Working-men's Soviet at Petrograd. He was arrested. He was held in prison in solitary confinement for twelve months. Then he was exiled for life to Obdorsk in Siberia at the mouth of the Obi River on the Arctic Ocean.

But it was his second experience with exile in Siberia by order of the Czar. He had been exiled in 1902 to Ust-Kut on the Lena River north of Irkutsk. He had come to know the ropes. On the way to Obdorsk he broke loose and fled five hundred miles across a roadless wilderness of snow in an Ostiak sled drawn by reindeer.

He fled, successfully, all the way to

Vienna. There, with Mrs. Trotzky and his two sons, he lived in a house of three rooms and wrote articles for revolutionary papers which went back into Russia underground.

The Austrian government drove him from Vienna when the war broke out. The French government drove him from Paris. The Spanish government drove him from Madrid. At length, *via* New York, he got back to Russia in the spring of 1917, admiring all governments — that is, all "capitalistic" governments—equally.

But that was just the point. "This man Trotzky," argued Robins to himself, "does not like any of us. He does not like any of us on either side. So why should he be unwilling to trade with the Germans? The Germans need raw materials; Russia has them. Russia needs manufactured products; Germany can furnish them. Why should Trotzky maintain the embargo? Why should he not, from his standpoint, lift the embargo and trade with Germany freely?"

Trotzky soon shed a light on that question. One day, at Smolny, he turned to Robins and bluntly said:

"Colonel Robins, about this embargo on

goods going from Russia into Germany, how would you like to put your officers on our frontier to enforce it?"

It was some time before Robins could gather his mind together to speak a word in reply. Then he said:

"Mr. Commissioner, I am not a diplomat or a general, and I can afford to be as ignorant as I am. I don't understand you. Your proposition sounds good, but it sounds *too* good. In America we would say there must be something on it. I have to ask you frankly, Why do you make it?"

Trotzky was annoyed. Besides his power of being passionate, he has a great power of being supercilious. He showed it now. His black eyes blazed out his impatience. One of his vices is intellectual pride. One of his virtues is that he confesses it. In public speaking he does not flatter an audience. He will even go to the other extreme. He will openly sneer at it. He will freeze it with contempt. A Russian journalist once described him, on such an occasion, as a freezing fire. His face then is the face of a Mephistopheles, diabolically intelligent, diabolically scornful, redeemed only by the eyes of much human suffering in a long and

relentless pursuit of a human co-operative Utopia.

"Listen to me carefully," said Trotzky to Robins. "Follow me step by step.

"We have started our peace negotiations with the Germans. We have asked the Allies to join us in starting peace negotiations for the whole world, on a democratic basis—no forcible annexations, no punitive indemnities, and a full acceptance of the principle of the self-determination of all peoples. The Allies have refused to accept our invitation. We still hope, of course, to compel them."

"How?" interrupted Robins.

"By stirring up the comrades in France and in England and in America to upset the policy of their governments by asserting their own revolutionary socialist will."

"Some contract," said Robins, in good American, which was at once put by the interpreter into good Russian. (Trotzky speaks English, but prefers to speak Russian.)

"Yes, a large contract," said Trotzky, "and we may fail at it. In that case we shall continue negotiations with the Germans alone. Our problem then is this: How to

LEON TROTZKY

His face is the face of a Mephistopheles, diabolically intelligent, diabolically scornful.

get the Germans to sign a democratic peace for Russia? Now observe.

"Germany, of course, will not want to sign a democratic peace. Germany will want a peace with annexations. *But we have these raw materials.* Germany needs them. They are a bargaining-point. If we can keep them away from Germany we have an argument in reserve, a big argument, perhaps a winning argument. *Therefore I want to keep them away.* Do you see?"

"I begin to see," said Robins.

"I want to keep them away," repeated Trotzky, "but you know our difficulties at the front. The front is in chaos. Send your officers, American officers, Allied officers, any officers you please. I will give them full authority to enforce the embargo against goods into Germany all along our whole front."

Robins, seeing, hastened. For a few months, anyway, the Germans would get no goods from Russia. Several months would have to pass before any peace could be signed. (Several months did pass.) During that time the Germans would be cut off completely from Russian raw materials. Robins ran with the good news to the diplo-

matic and military circles of the Allied and American governments at Petrograd.

But in those circles it was not good news at all. It was news not worth carrying. It aroused only the mild wonder, Why did Robins bother with it?

"Do you mean to tell me," said Robins, "that you aren't interested in preventing hides and fats and oils and nickel and copper and lead from going into Germany?"

The diplomats and the generals looked at him and felt sorry for him.

"Don't you know," they said, "that these people, Lenin and Trotzky and Chicherin and Radek, and all, are going to last about a month? Don't you know that they are going to last about a week? The White Guards are coming down from Finland. The armies of the Rada are coming up from the Ukraine. The Cossacks are coming up from the Don. Somebody else is coming up from the Urals. The Russian muzhik loves the Little Father. He pines for the Little Father. In a few hours this Lenin and this Trotzky will be gone. Forget them."

Just as under Kerensky, the Indoor Mind was again at work. Its working was miraculous. The Russian muzhik, having got

a slice of fresh land for himself out of the revolution, was pining to give it back. He wanted a landlord again. He wanted his rent-tax again. He wanted the knout on his back again.

Robins did not believe in such peasants, and no such peasants appeared. There were serious disturbances later, for other reasons. But the uprisings and upcomings of Czar-loving peasants from the Don and from the Urals and from the Ukraine and from the Finnish marshes were phantoms. Trotzky and Lenin stood. They stood for a week, and for a month, and for a year, and for then some more. But the diplomats were most of them equally stubborn. Never in all that time did they fail to see Trotzky and Lenin falling to-morrow.

Just one responsible military representative of the Allied cause in Petrograd in 1917 was able to think of Russia and Germany and raw materials in terms of actual Russian political fact. He was punished for it by his government.

He was an American—Gen. William V. Judson. He had been official American military observer in the Russo-Japanese War. He had been a member of the Root Mission

to Russia. When the Root Mission left Russia, he was retained in Russia because of his special intimate knowledge of Russian affairs. He became head of our Military Mission on the Russian front and also military attaché to our embassy.

General Judson saw that Lenin and Trotzky were going, in fact, to last awhile. He saw, therefore, that if a separate undemocratic peace between Russia and Germany was going to be prevented, it would have to be prevented through Lenin and Trotzky; and he saw also that if Russian raw materials were going to be kept out of Germany in the winter of 1917–18, they would have to be kept out through Lenin's and Trotzky's influence and consent. General Judson was willing to work through anybody, good man or bad man or devil, to keep raw materials out of Germany. He did not want Germany to win. He did not want Germany to get copper to use in shells to kill Americans. He went to see the man in Russia who could keep copper from going to Germany. He went to see Trotzky. For going to see Trotzky he was recalled to America by direct order from Washington.

The Allied and American governments,

rather than admit the existence of Trotzky, let the Germans do all the grabbing of Russian raw materials on the Russian frontier.

Nevertheless, it was absolutely necessary for the Allied and American governments to talk to Trotzky on some subjects, at some time, somehow. They had embassies in Petrograd; and these embassies had to get police protection, for instance, and telegraph-service, and similar courtesies and facilities. In order to get them, they absolutely had to talk to some Bolsheviks. They would not talk to them "officially." But they talked to them "unofficially."

For the American embassy Robins was the "unofficial" talker. He was not a "diplomat." He was not a member of the club, so to speak; and, accordingly, he could go to Smolny on behalf of the American ambassador without in the slightest degree compromising the American ambassador. He went, and he kept on going, month after month, at the American ambassador's request. He was "unofficial," but he was recognized.

In all that follows it should, therefore, be thoroughly understood that Robins was not going to Smolny in any merely private capacity.

To begin with, he was now head of the American Red Cross Mission. Colonel Thompson had gone back to America in the hope of being able to bring the facts of the Russian situation to American official attention. Colonel Robins had taken his place.

Secondly, and especially, Robins was the American ambassador's "unofficial" aide in all dealings with Smolny. Once an order came from Washington forbidding Robins to go to Smolny any more. The ambassador secured its cancelation. He wanted Robins to go. Months later, when Robins was at Moscow, and when the ambassador was at Vologda, Robins received a certain telegram from the ambassador. It showed Robins' status clearly, and it to-day evidences the nature of the opportunities through which Robins secured his knowledge of Smolny's affairs. It said:

> Do not feel I should be justified in asking you to remain longer in Moscow to neglect of the prosecution of your Red Cross work; but this does not imply any lack of appreciation of the service you have rendered me in keeping me advised concerning matters important for me to know and giving suggestions and advice *as well as being a channel of unofficial communication with the Soviet Government.*

"Unofficially" Robins got protection for the embassy against the anarchists.

In America we think of anarchists as furtive individual criminals. In Petrograd they were a regular organized political party. They had headquarters and local branch offices and newspapers. Their leading specialty was denouncing the Bolsheviks for being too mild, too tame. The Bolsheviks were letting the capitalists live. They were letting the bourgeois survive. The bourgeois should be instantly expropriated, instantly exterminated. The Bolsheviks were not doing it. Lenin and Trotzky were traitors to the proletariate. They were lacking in "true proletarian ruthlessness."

Besides this leading specialty, the anarchists had a minor one. It was to denounce the United States. The anarchists were the earnest anti-American party. They wanted Mooney out of jail in San Francisco—their comrade Mooney. If the Americans did not let Mooney out, so much the worse for the Americans. "Violence will answer violence."

In pursuit of this aim the anarchists used to threaten the American embassy. One morning, at about eleven o'clock, the ambas-

sador spoke to Robins anxiously. A woman had called on the 'phone. She would not give her name; but she had an important message, and she would deliver that message personally if the ambassador would send somebody to meet her. The ambassador sent Mr. Huntington and Mr. Johnson, and the woman told her story.

She had given a party to some friends, at her house. There was a knock at the door. A sailor stood outside, with wine, in bottles, in a sack. He wanted to sell it. It was good wine, he said. He had got it, he said, from the cellar of the Italian Embassy. And he went on to say: "I'll soon have some more. We're going to blow up the American Embassy to-night."

"So," said the ambassador, "that's where we are! These anarchists are getting too strong. They're coming to be the power. Smolny can't control them."

Robins went to the Embassy that night and stayed there till on into morning. There was no blowing up. There never was. But, clearly, there was an intention to frighten the embassy. But why frighten the embassy? Why, except to drive it out of Russia? Robins put detectives on the trail

of the woman. They located her and located her record. She was the divorced wife of an American business man, and she was on the books of the British Secret Service and of the French Secret Service and of the Italian Secret Service as a German agent.

Robins went to the secretary of the Council of People's Commissioners—a gentleman named Bonch Bruevich—and told him that "this anarchist business is going too far." Did the Council of People's Commissioners want to drive the American embassy out of Russia? Or did it want the American embassy to stay? If it wanted it to stay, it ought to do something.

That night the Council of People's Commissioners sent its soldiers to the headquarters of the anarchists. The anarchists had machine guns. There was a battle. The chief of the anarchists was shot. Much material—sugar, shoes, tea, and so on—was captured. The next day the anarchist newspaper *Burevestnik* said, bitterly:

> The thieves and murderers from Smolny have broken into our headquarters and have shot our beloved leader and have stolen our supplies. *Fellow-workmen, we live under a hell of a proletarian government,*

At Moscow also the anarchists were a regularly organized political party. When the Soviet government moved to Moscow, and when Robins moved there after it, there was anarchist trouble again, which again showed the method and the formula of German intrigue in Russia.

Robins got into his motor-car one day to go down to the telegraph station. The ambassador was at Vologda. Every day, at a certain hour, the Bolshevik government placed at the disposal of Robins and the ambassador a telegraph wire between Moscow and Vologda for confidential secret official (or "unofficial") messages. Robins got to the telegraph station, and sent off some messages and received some, and came outdoors again to his car. As he came out, some ten armed men were surrounding his car and saying, "Requisitioned."

"Requisitioned by whom?" said Robins. It did not seem to be clear by whom. But the fact of requisition was perfectly clear. When Robins got into the car, four of the ten armed men got in after him and rested their bayonets on the sills of the car's open windows. Robins' interpreter — Alexander

Gumberg—got on the running-board; and a few of the requisitioners accompanied him there. The others climbed up beside the driver. The order to start was given. The driver, very properly, obeyed. An address was shouted. It was the address of the oldest and largest anarchist club in Moscow—9 Povarskaya.

Gumberg, with a revolver held against his body, was still defiant. "You aren't afraid, are you?" he said to the man who held the revolver, as a truck-load of Soviet soldiers approached. Gumberg thought he saw a rescue. But if anybody was afraid at that moment, it was the truck-load of Soviet soldiers. They looked at the requisitioning anarchists, and felt it was none of their business, and went on.

Robins saw it was time to get out. Through Gumberg he told the driver to slow the car. The driver, very creditably, taking a long chance, slowed it almost to a standstill. Robins pushed his way from the seat to the running-board. His captors gesticulated and vociferated, but did not stop him. He and Gumberg alighted. They turned and stood. A man on the running-board was holding a rifle which was leveled directly

at Robins' body, and his finger was on the trigger. But he did not shoot. He was lacking in "true proletarian ruthlessness." He only said something. What he said was: "*Sprechen sie Deutsch?*" "I speak only English," said Robins, and his car jumped forward and proceeded in the direction of 9 Povarskaya.

Robins himself proceeded, not without heat, to the rooms of the Committee for the Suppression of Counter-revolution and Sabotage. There he saw a member of the committee—Derjinski. To Derjinski he expressed his indignation. Derjinski was sympathetic and confident. "I'll get the car back for you in two hours," said Derjinski. But the car was not back in two hours and it was not back the next day.

Robins went to see Trotzky. Could he get that car? Trotzky was sure of it. He called Derjinski on the 'phone and talked to him quite awhile. Then he seemed not so sure. In fact, he seemed quite uncertain.

Robins went to see Lenin. This car absolutely had to be got. Everybody knew the anarchists had taken it. "If you can't get it," said Robins to Lenin, "everybody will say that the anarchists are stronger

than the Soviet; and all the embassies of all the Allies will be surer than ever that your days are numbered." Lenin listened. On other occasions he was incisive, immediate, all there. On this occasion, as he listened, he seemed very far away. He gave no answer. That is, he gave no order and no promise of one.

The next day Trotzky called Robins on the 'phone and asked him to come to see him. Robins went, and Trotzky said:

"Colonel Robins, I'm going to tell you all about it, and when I've told you you'll understand Russian politics better and you'll see that Russian politics in some ways is very much like politics anywhere else.

"These anarchists of ours in Russia took part in the revolution against the Czar. They helped the revolution. Therefore they had a certain standing when the revolution was successful. Kerensky never dared to attack the club at 9 Povarskaya. The anarchists continued under Kerensky. They continue now. You inform me that they have thirteen centers in Moscow. You are mistaken. They have twenty-six.

"Now I do not need to tell you that the Germans are working among them. You

discovered that fact for yourself in Petrograd. The Germans are working among them here. And every day we are attacked in the anarchist press and at anarchist meetings. Why, then, do we not raid them? Well, we will. We will in a few days. You will see."

"But why not now?" said Robins.

"I'm going to tell you," said Trotzky. "You have elections, I believe, in America. Well, we're having elections in Russia, in Moscow, now. We are the party in power. We are being charged by many of our opponents with ruling by the bayonet. Well, we are cautious. We are not going to use bayonets during the period of these elections, for any purpose. We are not going to have any raids or riots whatsoever. We are going to have perfect peace. So, Colonel Robins, you see! I'm sorry; but you'll have to do without your car till these elections are over."

They happened to be over soon. They were over the very next day. On the night of that day—or, rather, in the early morning of the day ensuing—at 2 A.M.—the Bolsheviks attacked all twenty-six centers of the anarchists in Moscow. They attacked

with infantry, cavalry, machine guns, cannon, and tanks. They settled the question whether the Bolsheviks or the anarchists were on top in Russia. They killed fourteen anarchists, wounded forty-two, captured six hundred, and dispersed the rest. They confiscated their stores. Among those stores was one exceedingly interesting entry. The Bolsheviks laid their hands on it and increased thereby both their military equipment and their diplomatic information. It consisted of a set of machine guns of the newest German pattern—a pattern so new, in fact, that these were the first specimens of it seen in Russia.

But the German support of the anarchists was only, after all, to be expected. It was in precise accordance with their favorite formula of intrigue in Russia.

Under the Czar the Germans had spread their influence as widely as they could among the officials of the extreme Right, who were more reactionary than the Czar; and they had also sent their agents among all the revolutionary factions fighting the Czar. Under Kerensky they gave all possible aid to the friends of the deposed Czar—conservatives; and, on the other hand, they

added their insincere peace propaganda to the genuine peace propaganda of the radical enemies of Kerensky. Under Lenin and Trotzky they offered support to many friends of the deposed Kerensky, some of whom accepted it, in order to restore "law and order" in Russia; while, simultaneously, they sent munitions from Germany to the anarchists, in order to establish a society in Russia without law and without order. They tried, of course, to keep their fingers in all Russian parties, including the parties in power; but their special favorite formula was to give special attention to the parties at the most extreme conservative Right and to the parties at the most extreme radical Left at any given time, and so at all times to play both ends against the middle and against any existing Russian government at all.

Trotzky, in return, was shooting at the Germans with his own munitions, verbal munitions, merely verbal. But they had an effect which the Germans in time sadly realized.

At Brest-Litovsk a certain German confronted Trotzky. His name was Hoffmann—General Hoffmann. At Brest-Litovsk he

was very overbearing. As Trotzky said afterward, with violent resentment: "Mr. Kuehlmann was Germany's diplomatic representative, but General Hoffmann was Germany's military representative—and her real representative. Showing no consideration for Mr. Kuehlmann's diplomatic conventions, the general several times put his soldierly boot on the table around which a complicated judicial debate was developing. And we, for our part, did not doubt for a single minute that just this boot of General Hoffmann's was the only element of serious German reality in these negotiations."

But General Hoffmann lived to cease to despise the power of Trotzky and Lenin and Bolsheviks. Fifteen months later, with the war ended and with Germany in defeat and revolution, he said to Ben Hecht, of *The Chicago Daily News:*

"Immediately after conquering those Bolsheviks, we were conquered by them. Our victorious army on the Eastern front became rotten with Bolshevism. We got to the point where we did not dare to transfer certain of our Eastern divisions to the West. Our military machine became the printing-press of Bolshevik propaganda. It was

Bolshevik propaganda that rotted Germany from the East and broke her morale and gave us defeat and this revolution you now see ruining us."

In an article in a New York Socialist paper in the spring of 1917 Trotzky had foreseen and foretold precisely that result. He had said:

"The creation of a revolutionary labor government in Russia will be a mortal blow to the Hohenzollerns because it will give the final stimulus to the revolutionary movement of the German proletariate."

Trotzky was keen-sighted—and blind. He was blind to the greatest necessity going. He was blind to the necessity of Allied military pressure on the Kaiser's armies. His hatred of "capitalism" blinded him. If these "capitalistic" Allies were physically victorious, said Trotzky, they would make a "capitalistic" and anti-democratic Allied peace, just as a victorious Kaiser would make a "capitalistic" and anti-democratic German peace. Trotzky's propagandist campaign against Germany sprang from no impulse to help the Allies. It sprang simply from an intense impulse to help Socialism.

Robins' view was: "Here is a man who

is shooting with a powerful engine of propaganda at all 'capitalism.' But the first 'capitalism' he can hit, and the only one he can immediately and effectively hit, is the one right next door to him on the map —Germany. For Heaven's sake encourage him to shoot."

This policy, for a moment, we thought good. The government at Washington, of its own motion, thought it good. A considerable sum of public American money, out of the treasury of the United States, came to Russia from Washington and was spent, to Robins' knowledge, in putting Bolshevik propaganda into Germany. It was spent by the American Committee on Public Information. Part of it went through the Russian Revolutionary Bolshevik propaganda bureau. The Germans could accuse us of having used certain Bolsheviks as our "agents." But they were not our "agents." They were serving their own purposes. Robins often saw how completely independent they could be.

He heard once of certain Bolshevik "missionaries" who were about to start for the front, to smuggle themselves into Austria in order to carry on their propaganda there

in person. He took seventy-five thousand rubles and went to their farewell meeting. He thought that the seventy-five thousand might do them some good and might do the Kaiser some harm. He made a little speech and offered his little contribution. It was rejected. His hearers had calculated the expenses of their trip, they said, and they happened to have all the money they needed. If any Americans would like to come along personally, they would be welcome. But the money was not necessary. So, with thanks, they departed to dodge the Austrian sentries and to carry Bolshevik words into German cities.

They had a little paper, *Die Fackel* (*The Torch*). It was an argumentative paper, showing the dastardly diplomacy of the German "capitalistic ruling classes." Of this paper the Bolsheviks carried tons, in issue after issue, into and through the Austrian lines and the German lines. The Bolsheviks also had an illustrated paper, *Die Russische Revolution in Bildern* (*The Russia Revolution in Pictures*), which showed Red Guards in action, and barricades on the streets of Moscow, and the high revolutionary tribunal, and other beauties

and happinesses of a land in which the people were ruling.

Also, and perhaps above all, they had innumerable "proclamations" of the sort Trotzky actually took along with him to Brest-Litovsk to give to General Hoffmann's soldiers, and did give to them, in millions of copies. These "proclamations" pointed out Russia's demand for peace, as shown in the votes of the Soviets, and said, for instance: "If you will go back home and start a revolution against the Kaiser, no Russian soldier will follow you. Our soldiers will not invade your country. If you doubt us, ask *them*, in the trenches right opposite you. All they want in Germany is that you should have a revolution like ours."

Such was the message of the propaganda, and such also was the message of Trotzky's diplomacy. Everything Trotzky did at Brest-Litovsk, everything he did as Commissioner of Foreign Affairs from the time he took the office to the time he left it, had really just one essential aim: to make a Socialist revolution in Germany, *in order to save the Russian Socialist revolution by getting Russia's most dangerous neighbor and Europe's most developed center swung over from*

"capitalism" to the "co-operative commonwealth."

Robins saw Trotzky often during the period of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations. It was Trotzky's climax. It was the beginning of his partial decline. He was in his most temperamental temper.

One midnight, at a meeting of the executive committee of the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, he appeared in the doorway, pale and exhausted and despairing. "The armistice is gone," he said. "General Hoffmann refuses to agree not to shift troops from the Eastern front to the Western. We do not care for the Allied governments. We are under no obligations to the Allied governments. But it would not be a democratic peace if we allowed that shifting. We will not allow it. Never will we allow it. I have declared to General Hoffmann that we withdraw from the negotiations."

Almost in collapse, he disappeared. At four o'clock he returned. He was fresh, in good color, exuberant. "General Hoffmann has yielded," he cried. "He has agreed to our terms against the shifting of troops. We told him that otherwise we would address ourselves to the working-men of Germany

and would say to them: 'Do you know why there is no peace with Russia? It is because German generals whose breasts are covered with medals for the slaughters of masses of working-men on the Eastern front are refusing to make peace with Russia unless they are permitted to take German soldiers from the approaching safety of the Eastern front and plunge them into the hell and death of the Western trenches.' General Hoffmann heard. He has yielded. The armistice, on our terms, is established."

This temperamentalism in speech led to temperamentalism in action. Trotzky sometimes missed the facts of a situation in his passion for his arguments. At Petrograd, in the end, his leadership of the peace treaty failed to hold the Soviet. At Petrograd a greater realism than his was wanted. But at Brest-Litovsk, for Trotzky's purposes, there came the hour when all of Trotzky's qualities, bad as well as good, had their accumulated Socialist revolutionary use.

At Brest-Litovsk, to impress the German proletariate, there was needed a reckless and totally unrealistic propagandist play, which nevertheless had to be sincere. Trotzky furnished it, without effort. When he said,

"We refuse to sanction the terms which German Imperialism is writing with the sword upon the bodies of living nations"; when he said, "If the government of Germany desires to rule over lands and over nations by title of military seizure, let it perpetrate its work in the open. We refuse to sanction and sanctify outrages. We leave the war. But we will not sign this peace"—when he said such things, he really believed that they constituted a practicable policy. He really believed that Russia would not have to sign. At Petrograd in secret, as at Brest-Litovsk in public, he insisted that Russia would not have to sign.

He turned out to be totally wrong as a statesman. But in the very moment of being totally wrong as a statesman he came to his peak as a propagandist. His objective at Brest-Litovsk was the German proletariate —the same objective which he had mentioned in his article published in New York before he returned to Russia. Many people said that at Brest-Litovsk he was talking to the world. The speeches Robins heard him make in the Soviet at Petrograd prove that he was not talking to the world at all. The world was, indeed, a gallery; and Trotzky

never objects to a gallery. But the audience in the body of the house—the audience for whom the words were chosen—was the working-men of Germany. To them those words were conveyed by channels innumerable. And to them Trotzky said, in sum:

"You are most of you Socialists. Your government is trying to impose imperialistic terms on the first Socialist government in the world. But we, the members of that first Socialist government, cannot and will not connive at imperialism. We are holding out against those terms. We are rejecting them. Are you going to march for them? Or are you going to rise and break your masters who make you march?"

It was penetrating, and it penetrated—in time. It was the most poisonous dose in all the propaganda that General Hoffmann finally saw driving his soldiers to sedition and revolution. The Bolshevik propaganda worked—ultimately. But there was an immediate question. Immediately, on the morrow of Brest-Litovsk, would the German soldiers march?

"No," said Trotzky. Like all artists, he believed in the irresistible appealingness of his work. He had shown the German work-

ing-men the folly and wickedness of marching, and they would not march.

"But they will," said Lenin.

There was a certain private meeting of certain members of the All-Russian and Petrograd Soviets. It was a time of supreme tension, of the stretching and snapping of many judgments and of many reputations. The German government had made its open and full announcement of its imperialistic and annexationistic policies toward Russia. In the Soviet there was consternation, indignation, fury. But would the Russian army, in the field, fight?

"It will," said loud voices.

"It will not," said Lenin. "It did not fight at Tarnopol. Kerensky was in power. He used all his power and all his eloquence to make it fight. With the Allies he ordered the great advance. But the Russian army did not fight. It ran, and it had to run. It is not an army any more. It is only peasants wanting bread and land. It is going home. The Russian army will never fight again until it is reorganized into a new revolutionary army. The present army will not fight."

Lenin spoke very calmly. He had written

out his ideas into "twenty-one theses," as if he were giving a course of lectures in a college. Those "twenty-one theses" were his reasons for believing that Russia would have to sign the peace. They were crushing. But Lenin did not try to crush with them at that meeting.

He spoke for only about twenty minutes, and he spoke very much without emphasis. He merely stated his position. The Germans would advance; the Russian army would not fight; and the Russian Socialist republic, in order not to be trampled militarily out of existence, would have to sign the peace.

Then Trotzky swayed the meeting. The revolution was afoot in Germany. Trotzky saw it striding on. Comrade Lenin was mistaken. The German comrades were not so base as to fight for the terms of Brest-Litovsk. Besides, there was Poland, and there was Lithuania, and there was Letvia. They must not be surrendered to the Germans. The Polish comrades and the Lithuanian comrades and the Lettish comrades must not be deserted. We must hold them for the revolution, said Trotzky.

"We must not be intoxicated by the revolutionary phrase," said Lenin.

But Trotzky swayed the meeting. And Lenin let him. Robins afterward asked Lenin why. Lenin said:

"I am willing to let Trotzky see if he can put off the peace. I am willing to let him see if he can save us from it. I would rejoice if he could. But I wanted the comrades to know what I am thinking. I wanted them to know it, so that they can remember it a few days from now. I have to keep their confidence."

During those few days, till they ended, Lenin was very unpopular. Most of the leaders of the Soviet were on Trotzky's side. Lenin's position seemed to many of them to be monstrous. At a Soviet meeting Carl Radek, ablest of the Bolshevik journalists, rose in his place and stared at Lenin and said:

"If there were five hundred courageous men in Petrograd, we would put you in prison."

Lenin, in a tone as of thesis seventeen, said:

"Some people, indeed, may go to prison; but if you will calculate the probabilities you will see that it is much more likely that I will send you than you me."

And so it was. Everything was as Lenin said it would be. But as he said each new thing he said it to a storm of protest.

"We will call the Fourth All-Russian Congress of Soviets," he said. "What?" was the answer. "Call the Congress now? It can't be done. Russia can't send delegates now. It can't bring its mind to think of sending them. And the delegates can't come, they won't travel, at this time. Impossible!"

"We will call it at Moscow," said Lenin. "What?" said the answer. "Moscow? The stronghold of the reaction? Go to Moscow and the Hall of the Nobles and the haunts of the old régime? Leave Petrograd, the revolutionary city? Never!"

But it happened. The Fourth All-Russian Congress of Soviets was called, as Lenin had said. The Germans had advanced, as Lenin had said. The Congress met at Moscow in the Hall of the Nobles, as Lenin had said. It ratified the peace, as Lenin had said.

The shadow of Lenin grew upon Trotzky. It grew upon Radek. It grew upon Karelin. It grew upon everybody. More than ever they were eclipsed. More than ever Lenin

was master. He had out-analyzed and outseen everybody. His books and his documents and his reports and his theses and all his scholastic methods and manners had not hindered him—perhaps they had helped him—in becoming his party's absolute realist and almost absolute ruler.

In his mind, as he went to Moscow, there was, nevertheless, one doubt about the ratification of peace. He had the same view as everybody else regarding the character of the peace. Everybody in Russia called it the "robbers'" peace, the "shameful" peace, the "rotten" peace. *Izvestia*, the newspaper of the Soviet government, and *Pravda*, the newspaper of the Bolshevik party, both said that it was a peace of "masked indemnities, veiled annexations, and complete betrayal of self-determination." Lenin said so, too. He said also, however, that Russia could not physically resist it without physically perishing. He was convinced that it would have to be ratified. But in his conviction there was one gap.

The Russian army was helpless and hopeless, yes. But could some support be got from the Allies? Would the Allies promise to intervene with help, with some sort of

NIKOLAI LENIN

The shadow of Lenin grew upon Trotzky. It grew upon Radek. It grew upon Karelin. It grew upon everybody. More than ever Lenin was master.

help, if at Moscow the Russian Soviets, instead of ratifying the peace, should repudiate it?

A memorandum was written. In it an inquiry was addressed to the Allies. Their answer belongs to the third chapter of our diplomacy in revolutionary Russia. In this second chapter there was simply the memorandum itself. It asked the Allies what they would do in certain circumstances.

But Lenin already suspected what they would do. So did Trotzky.

Trotzky had said to Robins one day:

"Haven't you Americans got a Russian Railway Mission, of Americans, somewhere?"

"Certainly."

"Where is it?"

"Nagasaki."

"Gone to Japan?"

"Yes."

"What's it doing there?"

"Eating its head off."

"Why don't you send it in here?"

"Why, Mr. Commissioner, you know there are many Americans—"

"Yes, they think I'm a German agent. Well, now, suppose I am. Just assume, for argument, that I am. You admit I have

never told you I would do a thing and then failed to do it. My motives may be bad, but my actions go with my promises. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, out of some motive, which you may assume to be bad, I am willing to share the railway system of Russia half-and-half with the United States; and if you will bring your Railway Mission into Russia I promise you that I will give its members complete authority over half the transportation of all the Russia of the Soviets."

"What do you mean—half?"

"I mean this:

"I will accept anybody you Americans want to name as your railway chief and I will make him Assistant Superintendent of Russian Ways and Communications, and his orders will be orders. Then, as well as we can, we will divide all our available transportation facilities into two equal parts. You will use your half to evacuate war-supplies from the front and to carry them away into the interior, so that the Germans will not be able to get them. We will use our half, you helping us, to move our food-supplies from the places where we have a sur-

plus to the places where we have a deficit. You see?"

"Clearly. You want us Americans to reform and restore your railway system for you, so that it can carry food successfully and so that you can feed your people and keep your government going."

"Yes. But I propose to pay you in precisely the coin you most need and want. Colonel Robins, have you ever seen a gun-map of our front?"

Trotzky unrolled it before him. It showed some six hundred miles of locations of cannon and of shells—nests of cannon, dumps of shells, usable stuff, quantities of it, the material leavings of a once mighty army. It showed cannon that had never been fired—cannon new and of the latest type, with their shells beside them.

"There it all lies," said Trotzky. "It's of no more use to us. Our army does not fight in any more foreign wars just now. Lenin says the Germans will advance. If they do, they will take all that stuff. We cannot move it back. We can do small things on our railways now, but not big things. Most of our technical railway managers are against us. They are against the revolution.

They are sabotaging the revolution. Our railways are headless. The whole point is: our railways need new heads. Will you supply them?"

"I'll inquire."

"But be sure you make this clear: My motive, whether good or bad, is entirely selfish. I get a reorganized and effective railway system for Soviet Russia. And your motive, so far as I am concerned, is entirely selfish, too. You save a mass of munitions from all possibility of falling into the hands of the Germans. You get a benefit. I get a benefit. Mutual services, mutual benefits, and no pretenses! What do you say?"

"I'll find out."

So again Robins ran to diplomatic circles with what he thought was good news and again he was received without interest. Again he heard the wisdom of the palaces. The peasants were really rising now. Lenin and Trotzky were really falling now. The real Russia, the Russia loving the whip, the Russia loving the strong man, Kaledine, Alexeiev, somebody, was asserting itself. Up from the Ukraine. Up from the Don. Up from the Urals. No use bothering with Lenin and Trotzky. No use at all.

So those guns and those shells remained where they were, and so the Germans took them and made use of them on the bodies of Frenchmen and Englishmen and Americans in the March drive and in the June drive of 1918 on the Western front; and Lenin and Trotzky were still standing.

Lenin and Trotzky came to think that the Allies would never co-operate with them for any purpose. They came to think the Allies would co-operate with any sort of White government sooner than with any sort of Red. They came to think that the Allies were not so much interested in saving Russia from Germany as in destroying the Red government at Petrograd. They thought too much, but they had much reason.

In Russia, in the territory of the old Russia, along its eastern frontier, there had emerged three governments. There was one in Finland. There was one at Petrograd. There was one in the Ukraine. The one at Petrograd was Red. The other two were White. In all three regions there was a struggle between Whites and Reds. It was the same struggle, involving everywhere the same fundamental social issue.

In Finland the French gave formal recog-

nition to the White government. It was a "law and order" government. It was fighting and killing Trotzky's and Lenin's Red Guards. It was a "good" government. It at once called in the Germans and accepted German troops and turned Finland into a German dependency.

In the Ukraine the Allies gave the White government their active favor and support. This government also was a "good" and a "law and order" government. It also was fighting Lenin's and Trotzky's Red Guards. From Allied money it received an official present of 130,000,000 francs. Four days later it called in the Germans and filled the Ukraine with German troops; and, of its own free will, not under foreign compulsion, but purely for domestic reasons, in order to down its domestic Red enemies, it turned the wheat-fields of all southern Russia into German wheat-fields and Odessa into a German port.

The government at Petrograd, among these three governments, was the only one that was Red, but it also showed another difference. It was the only one that never called in German troops against its domestic enemies and also the only one that at any

time ever did Germany the slightest harm. It did it the prodigious harm described by General Hoffmann. It rotted the fiber of imperial loyalty out of a whole section of the German army and out of a whole section of the German population.

But this government was as weak in physical power as it was strong in propaganda. Its army was dissolved—dissolved by economic and moral exhaustion ensuing upon intolerable effort. The American Committee on Public Information, which cooperated with the Bolshevik government in propaganda but then became one of the Bolshevik government's bitterest enemies, said, nevertheless:

"Russia fought on to utter exhaustion, and her army yielded only when the power of further effort was gone."

In these circumstances, looking at the three governments and observing that the government at Petrograd was by far the largest and by far the most important, what did we do?

To the government at Petrograd we refused to give any officers for keeping goods from going into Germany, and to the government at Petrograd we refused to give

any railway experts for the restoring of the railway system and for the transporting of munitions away into the interior and away from the Germans; but to the governments of Finland and of the Ukraine, immediately thereafter outrightly pro-German, we gave diplomatic support and even military physical support in combats with the soldiers and with the friends of the government at Petrograd. In the Ukraine, serving the Ukrainian White government, officers appeared and munitions appeared from Allied sources and under Allied orders.

Trotzky made this fact the peroration of his angriest and greatest speech—the one in the Third Congress of Soviets at Petrograd in January. He saw the Russian Soviet government attacked equally by the Allies and by the Germans. He ended: "And at this very moment, while the French ambassador sits at Petrograd, we see French cannon, directed by French officers, shooting our comrades on the plains of Bessarabia."

In that atmosphere Trotzky conducted his diplomacy, and in that atmosphere Lenin went to Moscow to attend the Fourth All-Russian Congress of Soviets and to debate the Peace of Brest-Litovsk. Robins, under

ON THE ROAD TO MOSCOW

In rotation of car, left to right, are: Alexander Gumberg, Colonel Robins, Russian secretary, Carl Radek (with pipe), editor of *Pravda*, organ of the Bolshevik party; Mrs. Radek, and Trotzky's sister.

orders from the American ambassador, went to Moscow, too. He had now seen another chapter of our diplomacy.

He had seen it consist of a stifled indoor contradiction. He had seen it consist of staying in Russia and of being unfriendly to the existing Russian government. So he had seen it come to the conclusion described by Gen. William V. Judson, when military attaché of the American embassy, in a letter to the American ambassador. General Judson said:

> All American aid to the Russian people is at a standstill, while the German emissaries are everywhere, working day and night in the interests of the enemy.

Robins clung, though, to his one last hope. Lenin and Trotzky had written that memorandum. He awaited, they awaited, in Moscow, the reply from London, from Paris, from Washington.

III

THE ALL-RUSSIAN CONGRESS AND THE BREST-LITOVSK PEACE

ROBINS—to attend the Fourth All-Russian Congress of Soviets and to witness the ratification or repudiation of the Peace of Brest-Litovsk—arrived in Moscow on March 10, 1918. Lenin had not yet come. Wise ones in the high world said to Robins:

"Did you say Lenin would come? Don't you know that Lenin can't come? Don't you know that in Moscow he would be murdered? Moscow is the old Russia, the real Russia. Anyway, don't you know that Lenin absconded to Finland last night with all the gold in the State Bank?"

On the morning of March 13th Lenin came. He drove from the railway station to the National Hotel in an open automobile, with no rifles. He walked up the steps of the National Hotel in plain view. He stepped up to the desk like any other traveler and

asked for his room. He went up to his room and opened his little satchel and took out his documents and sat down to work.

In that room, that afternoon, Robins had tea with Lenin and Mrs. Lenin and Lenin's sister. Lenin said to Robins:

"Have you heard from your government?"

Lenin was alluding to the memorandum which he and Trotzky, through Robins and the American ambassador, had sent to Washington, asking Washington what it would specifically do in certain specific circumstances.

"I've not heard yet," said Robins. He felt quite free to say "yet."

The President of the United States, in a message to the Congress of the United States, had just recently said:

"It is our heartfelt desire and hope that some way may be opened whereby we may be privileged to assist the people of Russia to attain their utmost hope of liberty and ordered peace."

The President of the United States, in a message to Russia, in a message to this very Congress of Lenin's at Moscow, a Congress two-thirds Bolshevik, was even now saying in a special cable:

I beg to assure the people of Russia, through the Congress, that the Government of the United States will avail itself of every opportunity to secure for Russia once more complete sovereignty and independence in her own affairs. The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in their attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life.

If the President of the United States was willing to speak to a Bolshevik Congress of Soviets—that is, to the Bolshevik government—in a manner so friendly and so verbally encouraging against the Czar and the Kaiser, would he not make good his words of help and by acts of help? Would he not give specific promises of specific assistance?

He surely would. So Robins said "yet." Moreover, Robins had in his pocket a certain document from the American ambassador to Russia, Mr. David R. Francis. It had been written in Petrograd in January of 1918, some eight weeks before Mr. Francis retreated from Petrograd and took his stand at Vologda.

To get the meaning of that document, and to get the meaning also of Lenin's and Trotzky's suppressed memorandum to President Wilson, it is necessary to go back now to a full statement of certain incidents at

Petrograd, incidents which formed the complicated prologue to the abrupt drama at Moscow.

In Petrograd, in December of 1917, there was a man called Kalpaschnikov-Kamak—for short, Kalpaschnikov. He was a colonel of the old régime. He had served the old régime as commander of a regiment of Siberian Cossacks. Against the new régime he talked and, to some extent, toiled.

In September of 1917 he had associated himself with persons who welcomed the Kornilov rising and who were prepared to evidence their dislike of the leaders of the revolution as soon as Kornilov should enter Petrograd.. On a day during the Kornilov rising Kalpaschnikov said to Robins, confidently, "The hanging will begin at noon."

It did not begin, because Kornilov did not arrive; but thereafter Kalpaschnikov awaited the next rising confidently.

On the other hand, there was Gen. William V. Judson still chief military attaché to the American embassy. General Judson did not have much confidence in the next rising. He believed that the revolution was stronger than the counter-revolution.

General Judson did not come to this belief by any revolutionary route. He belonged, and belongs, to the most regular of regular army circles. He went to West Point after studying at Harvard; and on graduation from West Point he was assigned to the Engineer Corps for merit. He learned administration through much work on harbor improvements at Galveston and on river improvements along the Mississippi. He learned administration further through being assistant to the Chief of Engineers in the War Department at Washington and through being one of the three commissioners in charge of the government of the District of Columbia. When he afterward observed the Russian army as American military attaché during the Russo-Japanese War, and when he again observed the Russian army as a member of the Root Mission and as chief of the American Russian Military Mission, he observed with eyes accustomed entirely to scientific and administrative facts. His conviction regarding the military strength of the revolution turned out to be right. It was reached by regular and respectable reasoning.

On December 26, 1917, General Judson

held a formal conference in Petrograd with his second-in-command, Lieut.-Col. M. C. Kerth. Then, joined by Kerth, he communicated certain formal findings and recommendations to the American ambassador.

General Judson found that the Soviet government was the largest and strongest effective power then existing in Russia. He found that only through this power could the American government exert an influence, favorable to the Allies, on the peace negotiations then going forward at Brest-Litovsk. He found that the exerting of such an influence was feasible. He recommended that for that purpose the American government extend to the Soviet government an offer of friendly and helpful cooperation.

Mr. Francis was destined to veer toward General Judson's views before the Moscow Congress met. He began, however, by veering toward the views of men like Kalpaschnikov. He lent his countenance to the idea that no American representative should go to the offices of the Bolshevik government at Smolny Institute. He received Kalpaschnikov at the Embassy. He gave himself to a little plan of Kalpaschnikov's for taking

certain motor-cars out of Moscow; and he found himself the shipwrecked mariner in the wildest teapot tempest of Petrograd's wildest diplomatic days.

Robins got his first breath of the approach of this affair in a telegram he received from Rumania. It came from Col. Henry Anderson, chief of the American Red Cross Mission in Rumania, at Jassy. Colonel Anderson wanted Robins to let him have sixty motor-cars and one hundred thousand rubles out of Red Cross stores and out of Red Cross funds for a certain use. The use was not at first quite clear. But the destination was altogether clear from the beginning. It was Rostov on the Don.

Robins was not enthusiastic for endeavors reaching toward Rostov on the Don. Robins was representing an American mission to Russia; and, like the American ambassador, he was living under the Bolshevik government's protection and under the Bolshevik government's eye. Rostov on the Don was the headquarters of Kaledine, who was now the leading Cossack counter-revolutionary of Russia and who had taken the field openly against the Bolshevik government's army. It was as if a representative of a British

mission at Washington in 1901 had been asked to send money and motor-cars to Palawan, the headquarters of Aguinaldo. There would have been two reasons, in his mind, against doing it. Those same two reasons existed for Robins in contemplating any effort to send war-supplies from the Bolshevik capital through Bolshevik territory, abounding in Bolshevik secret agents and Bolshevik machine guns, to an anti-Bolshevik camp. First: diplomatic impropriety. Second: physical impossibility. Robins answered Colonel Anderson by earnestly declining his request.

Colonel Anderson then went, in Jassy, to Mr. Charles J. Vopicka, American minister to Rumania. Mr. Vopicka sent a telegram from Jassy to the American ambassador in Petrograd, in which he asked Mr. Francis to convey a message from Colonel Anderson to Colonel Kalpaschnikov, as follows:

"Arrange to take all motor-cars to Rostov on the Don by the first train possible. Employ any method to accomplish this immediately. If you need funds, call on the American ambassador. I will either have further instructions for you at Rostov or will meet you there."

At the same time Mr. Vopicka sent Mr. Francis a message of his own, from American minister to American ambassador, a wholly diplomatic message, as follows:

> Please supply Kalpaschnikov with necessary funds up to one hundred thousand rubles. It is most urgent that this matter be done promptly. So please assist Kalpaschnikov in every way possible.

Mr. Francis did so. Kalpaschnikov was in possession of certain motor-cars belonging to an old unit called the Siberian Ambulance Corps. These cars had been purchased in America with money raised in America by subscription. They were standing in Petrograd. Kalpaschnikov felt that he could take a train-load of them out of Petrograd and a thousand miles through Bolshevik territory inconspicuously and prosperously, if only he had a little diplomatic influence. Mr. Francis provided the diplomatic influence. He gave Kalpaschnikov a certificate, for instance, which said:

> I would appreciate it if all those to whom this document will be presented will extend to Colonel Kalpaschnikov all courtesies and co-operation.

Thus equipped, Kalpaschnikov proceeded to apply his plan. The trouble with it was

that it was known to the Soviet authorities as soon as it passed Kalpaschnikov's lips. No Russian government, whether of Romanovs or of Bolsheviks, is without a competent installation of listening-posts. Kalpaschnikov's intrigue with the American ambassador was heard sprouting—and was allowed to ripen.

When Colonel Kalpaschnikov asked for a permit to ship motor-cars, the Smolny authorities courteously and co-operatingly granted that permit. When Colonel Kalpaschnikov asked for a train, the Smolny authorities immediately set that train out for him on a siding. The colonel got all his arrangements completed and all his papers accumulated. Then, just as he was starting from his house to step aboard his train and to slip away into the southland, the Red Guards recited their line in the play by mechanically arresting him and sending his papers to Smolny and his person to Peter and Paul fortress.

The papers amply disclosed the American ambassador's interest in the colonel's adventure. Smolny was in a roar. Robins heard it and went to Smolny. His reception was highly disagreeable.

He had been accustomed to going through

Lenin's door into Lenin's room, on a pass, without question. This time two soldiers crossed their bayonets in front of him. He sat down. He decided to go away. He rose and approached an outer door. There two other soldiers crossed their bayonets in front of him. He sat down again. After a while he got a really successful idea. He went to a side door, and so into a little private corridor; and he walked along that corridor till he came to a door at the end of it. This door he contemplated for a moment. Then he swung it open. It was the back-exit-door to Lenin's room.

Lenin looked up from his documents and his eyes were narrowed. He looked, and said nothing. Robins said something fast.

"I admit this Rostov affair looks bad," he said. "But I can explain it. I ask you simply, before you attack the American embassy or the American Red Cross give me a chance to make the explanation."

Lenin still looked at Robins and still said nothing; and the way of his looking was as if he wished to resume the reading on his table. Robins turned and left Smolny. He thought he had probably seen Smolny for the last time.

But Kalpaschnikov saved him. Kalpaschnikov, in the course of completing his arrangements, had written a long letter which he had put in his clothes to carry with him to some safe spot. There he would mail it. It was addressed to Colonel Anderson at Jassy. It happily charged Robins with having done his best to thwart Colonel Anderson and to thwart Kalpaschnikov in the matter of the motor-cars and their shipment. This letter, in time, the Smolny authorities unfolded and read. Trotzky read it.

That night Trotzky made a public speech at the Alexandrovsky Theater. He announced the discovery of documents "proving that agents of the United States are implicated in the Kaledine plot at Rostov on the Don." Such agents, thus implicated, were to be found even in the protected precincts of the American Embassy. They included, actually, the American ambassador himself. Trotzky was profoundly shocked. He could not witness such violations of diplomatic etiquette without grief and horror.

Of course—he went on—it would not be fair to include all American representatives at Petrograd in one general and promiscuous charge. Justice required that distinctions

be made. The American Red Cross Mission to Russia, and its chief, Colonel Robins, were unexpectedly proved by the documents to be innocent. But the chief of the American Red Cross Mission to Rumania was proved by the documents to be guilty. And so was the American ambassador to Russia.

"And now," said Trotzky, "now this Sir Francis will have to break the golden silence which he has kept unbroken since the revolution. These documents will force him to unloose his eloquence. Our dignity as a government, our dignity as a revolutionary government, is of the highest importance to us. We shall prove it to all who think they can tread on our toes with impunity. Let them understand that from the moment they interfere in our internal affairs they cease to be diplomatic representatives. They are then private counter-revolutionaries, and the heavy hand of the revolution will fall upon their heads."

The crowd was ready with its response. It stood and shouted:

"Arrest Francis! Hang him! Shoot him!"

The next morning a cable arrived in Petrograd from Washington bringing an order which confirmed Mr. Francis' policy of non-

intercourse with the Bolshevik government. It forbade even the officers of the Red Cross to go to Smolny.

At the Embassy Robins mentioned this order.

"What?" said the ambassador. "Pay no attention to it."

"But," said Robins, "it's an order."

"I'll take the responsibility," said the ambassador. "You keep on going to Smolny. Tear the order up."

"Well," said Robins, "will you cable Washington to change the order?"

"Certainly," said the ambassador.

"All right," said Robins.

"And now," said the ambassador, "unofficially" but realistically, "what can we do at Smolny about this Kalpaschnikov business?"

There was only one thing to do—to go to Smolny and explain. Through Robins the ambassador went. The Kalpaschnikov business was filed and forgotten. The only difficulty in explaining it was that the truth about it was more romantic than Smolny's theory about it.

The truth about it was that for Colonel Anderson and for Mr. Francis it was not an anti-Bolshevik business at all. Kalpaschnikov

may have been an intriguer, but Colonel Anderson and his colleagues in the Rumanian Red Cross were pure knights-errant. They were about to rescue a lady—a fair and noble lady—a queen—the Queen of Rumania. She was in jeopardy at Jassy. The Teutons were approaching. Colonel Anderson and his colleagues had an opportunity to do the Queen a service. They proposed to do it. For Americans it was a small matter. It was simply to take the Queen to Rostov on the Don, and then to carry her—and her retinue and entourage—in motor-cars—four hundred miles across the Caucasus Mountains to Kars, and then four hundred miles more, across Turkey, to Mesopotamia and to the British army. As laid out, it was really one of the great get-aways of all time.

The sticking-point was Rostov on the Don.

There was just one reason why anybody should have thought it possible to send motor-cars—and money—out of Soviet territory into anti-Soviet territory. That reason was that the Soviet government was an eyeless and toothless and tottering thing. But that reason was false; and Mr. Francis, a business man and a practical politician from Missouri, had begun to be shown that it was false.

He was shown its falseness now increasingly from day to day, as counter-revolutionaries fell and the revolution stood. He veered now toward an admission of the existence of the revolution and of its Soviet government. He expressed his change of views in writing. On January 2, 1918, in the American Embassy at Petrograd, he handed to Robins, with his autograph indorsement, the document which Robins had with him in his pocket when in Moscow he talked with Lenin. It was headed: "Suggested communication to the Commissaire for Foreign Affairs."

It began:

> At the hour when the Russian people shall require assistance from the United States to repel the aggressions of Germany and her allies, you may be assured that I will recommend to the American government that it render them all aid and assistance within its power.

It ended:

> I may add that if the Russian armies now under command of the People's Commissaries commence and seriously conduct hostilities against the forces of Germany and her allies, I will recommend to my government the formal recognition of the *de facto* government of the People's Commissaries.

This document was not for immediate presentation to Trotzky and Lenin, but it was definitely for authority and guidance to Robins in his line of conduct at Smolny and for his full protection against any later denial of his right to have pursued that line.

He pursued it at once and at length, and it took him into a necessary collaboration with Trotzky. Trotzky, by insisting on democratic terms of peace from Germany, was headed toward resistance to undemocratic terms. Robins' duty, under instructions, was to hold out to Trotzky the diplomatic prospect that resistance would bring American help.

It was therefore that Robins tried to get those American and Allied military officers for Trotzky, to help enforce the embargo against goods going from Russia to Germany. It was therefore that Robins tried to get those American railway experts for Trotzky, to help restore the Russian railway system.

After many weeks Trotzky one day said to Robins:

"Colonel Robins, your embassy sends you here with a big bag marked 'American Help.' You arrive every day, and you bring the

bag into my room, and you set it down beside your chair, and you keep reaching into it as you talk, and it is a powerful bag. But nothing comes out."

Trotzky could joke about it. But America remained in his mind. America was the only belligerent country represented daily in his office. When finally Russia was beaten to earth and could not by herself rise up, when finally Russia was forced to seek an ally among "capitalistic" countries, it was to America that Trotzky turned. It was to America that he sent his call. Robins had maintained the relations of intercourse and the channels of communication along which a call could go.

In the mean time Robins maintained similar relations and similar channels wherever else he could among persons of power in Petrograd.

Such a person was Carl Radek. Radek was the most powerful propagandist, as well as the most powerful journalist, among the Bolsheviks. Like many other men prominent at Smolny, he had been badly treated by the Teutonic autocracy which Allied diplomats accused him of loving and serving.

He was an Austrian, and his front teeth

had been knocked out by the German-Austrian police in a revolutionary street-battle. Afterward, in Switzerland, in 1915, when Radek was writing socialist revolutionary propaganda for distribution among the German soldiers on the Western front, the German government demanded that the Swiss government expel him from Swiss soil. Radek, at Brest-Litovsk, two years later, met the Austrian and German governments face to face. His specialty was to make them feel insecure about their own peoples and about their own futures.

Count Czernin alluded to him one day as a "Russian." "My nationality, Count," said Radek, "is not Russian. It is the same as yours—Austrian. It's not nationality that puts us on the other side of the table from you."

To Brest-Litovsk Radek carefully carried a certain book. It was a book well known in Germany and suppressed there. It was an argument for the military proposition (not unnoted by Napoleon) that in war the final factor is numbers. Therefore, in the end, against the Germans the Allies must win. The German generals at Brest-Litovsk were fully acquainted with this book. Radek

kept it prominently on the table before their eyes. "In the end," he once said, "the Allies will put a Brest-Litovsk treaty on you."

Radek also introduced at Brest-Litovsk a practice which frankly revealed the social notions and the social purposes of the Russian delegates. The Germans treated the Russian delegates as professional diplomats, as excellencies, as persons now in the high world of the ruling classes. They treated them so, and they wanted them to behave so. Radek expressed the Soviet contempt for all of it and the Soviet farewell to all of it by shaking hands with the German privates who stood about as attendants and by addressing them cordially and prophetically, in the presence of their officers, as "comrades."

Back in Petrograd Radek's opinion of the Teutonic governments appeared profusely in his daily writings. It was expressed in a hundred such phrases as "Austro-German vultures."

But Radek wrote equally viciously about the "Anglo-French vultures." To him, as to Trotzky, the Allies and the Germans were two equal maws of imperialism, the one

opening for Mesopotamia and the scattered ends of the earth, and the other opening for a compact and consolidated prey in mid-Europe from Antwerp to Odessa.

Against all European "capitalistic" governments Radek wrote without compromise. He also wrote without rest and with an eloquence unceasingly and savagely brilliant. He had a slight body, all wire, all electric wire. He had a mind heavily stored with historical facts and economic facts and socialist explosives. He scattered them everywhere. Day after day, in *Pravda* and in *Izvestia* and in pamphlets and in leaflets and in journals of the army and in journals of the navy, he blazed out on Russian opinion with a popular power far beyond that of any other journalist or propagandist in the Bolshevik world.

Robins knew Radek's work; and he knew Radek. He kept Radek informed about many things regarding America; and he pointed out to him the special geographical situation of America and the special political character of America; and he found that Radek could perceive that specialness. He often quoted to Radek a saying of President Wilson's which had been cabled to Russia:

"We are indomitable in our power of independent action and can in no circumstances consent to live in a world governed by intrigue and force."

At Moscow, later, when President Wilson's vague message to the Soviet Congress was received, Radek at once seized upon it, in spite of its vagueness, and made it the text of an editorial sermon to all Russian socialists tempted to be anti-American. Radek maintained that an understanding with America would be a quite different thing from an understanding with any European "capitalistic" country. He said:

"The United States, by its position, is directly interested that Russia should be politically and economically strong and independent. The United States, by its own interests, must come to the assistance of the Soviet government, or of any other existing Russian government, for the resurrection of the economic and military might of Russia. Moreover, there is not, and there cannot be, between socialist Russia and democratic America, the irreconcilable contradiction and conflict which exist between socialist Russia and autocratic Germany."

In Radek, and in Trotzky, and in most

of the other leaders of Smolny, Robins found no theoretical antipathy to the idea of a special economic co-operation between Russia and America. On the contrary, he found a theoretical leaning toward it. That leaning gave America a special advantage in Russia. The American ambassador was now in a position to make use of it. The American ambassador, by sending Robins to Smolny to make Smolny's personal acquaintance—and by sending him there when no other ambassador was sending anybody there to that end—had built a personal diplomatic thoroughfare along which America in 1918 could have marched to becoming the controlling influence in the economic development of the richest undeveloped country in the world.

The hour for doing it or not doing it came. The Germans, leaving Brest, were approaching Petrograd. Russia met them with three attitudes of mind, produced by the needs of three social classes.

First there was the attitude of the class which we often call "upper" or "better" and which the Bolsheviks call "bourgeois." The "bourgeois" class was much of it inclined to look at the German advance with

feelings of satisfaction. The Germans, wherever they went, destroyed Soviets. The Germans, wherever they went, hanged Bolsheviks.

Among the prominent representatives of the "bourgeois" class was Rodzianko. He had been a member of the Duma. He had been president of the Duma. The public press had continually reported his view of a possible German capture of Petrograd. Such a capture, according to Rodzianko, would be no great misfortune. It might indeed be a blessing. The Germans had captured Riga. Did they do any harm? They did good. They abolished the Soviet and restored the old-régime police.

Col. William B. Thompson, Robins' old chief in the American Red Cross Mission to Russia, had noticed this strong streak of welcome for Germany among the Russian "bourgeois" during his stay in Petrograd. He said to Robins:

"Robins, I'm a business fellow. These business fellows in Petrograd are people I understand. I'd like to deal with them. But it can't be done. I've talked to them. I've felt them out. Robins, they're for the Germans."

The Russian "bourgeois," as Russians, might resent the German advance. As property-holders they knew it to be to their immediate advantage. They could rouse themselves, as a class, to no sort of strong resistance.

Next was the greatest class—the supremely greatest class—the peasants. They had already shown their attitude by what they did in the Constituent Assembly.

The Constituent Assembly was dominated by the Socialists-Revolutionists of the Right. They were a peasant party. The Bolsheviks, before they dissolved the Constituent Assembly, withdrew from it. When they withdrew, the Constituent Assembly became an almost purely peasant body. In that condition, cleansed of all Bolshevik votes, it passed resolutions about war and peace. It resolved for a *general* peace rather than a *separate* peace; but, leaving distant hopes for immediate recommendations, it resolved specifically that:

The armistice between Russia and Germany must be continued. The separate negotiations for peace between Russia and Germany must be prosecuted. And:

"In the name of the people of the Rus-

sian Republic the All-Russian Constituent Assembly expresses the firm will of the people *to immediately discontinue the war.*"

So the peasants voted. And so also they behaved, when the Germans advanced.

The third class was the "revolutionary proletariate"—the class of class-conscious wage-earners. Within this class there was indeed an impulse of desperate resistance to the oncoming Germans. This class was the only class which had everything to lose by German conquest. The "bourgeois," by German conquest, would get humiliation but "prosperity." The peasants, by German conquest, would get their landlords back, but they would still have their own little former parcels of land under their landlords. The "revolutionary proletariate" would lose its whole revolution, its whole "proletarian dictatorship."

Naturally, therefore, it was this class that cried out in special pain as the Germans marched forward into Russia. The high leaders of the Soviet government were pained to a specially high degree. The document which the Germans held out to them to sign was a document threatening their own final personal abdication from all power in the world.

Therefore they never did personally sign it. It was too personally portentous to them. When all resistance collapsed, Trotzky was asked to go and sign. He refused. Radek was asked. He refused. Karelin was asked. He refused. Finally certain very subordinate leaders were outrightly ordered to go. They went. They signed. They signed the document without reading it. They wished the Germans to know that they did not regard it as a binding act of agreement. They regarded it as a revocable act of force.

Out of this spirit, as furious as it was futile, the Council of People's Commissioners issued its summons of February 21, 1918. It commanded a universal resistance to the Germans. The "bourgeois" must be compelled to resist. They must be compelled to at least dig trenches. And "all Soviets and revolutionary organizations are charged with the duty of defending every post to the last drop of blood."

But the mass of the army at once showed that on this point it agreed with the Constituent Assembly and not with the People's Commissioners. Even the "revolutionary proletariate," in most of its representatives

in the old army, was finished with fighting. Soviet leaders, in Petrograd and in most other places, passed resolutions for fighting. The army could not and would not fight.

Lenin noted this contradiction acidly in *Pravda*. He said:

> In the week of February 18-24th we were instructed by the comparison between two different sorts of communications which reached us. On the one hand there were the communications telling us of a debauch of "resolutive" revolutionary fighting phrases. On the other hand, there were the communications telling us of the poignantly disgraceful refusal of regiments to hold their positions, of their refusal to hold even the Narva line, of their failure actually to obey the order for the destruction of supplies before retreating.

Russia was in mass-flight. The Allied embassies were leaving Petrograd. They were leaving Russia. The American embassy did not leave Russia. It was able to be calmer. It was better acquainted with Smolny. It knew that Lenin and Trotzky intended to keep all of Russia they could for the Soviets and that they could still keep much of it.

Mr. Francis and Robins decided that to go to Vologda would be to go far enough. Robins accompanied Mr. Francis to Vologda. Lenin gave him a personal letter, written

with his own hand, asking the Vologda Soviet to provide the American embassy with every possible assistance. The embassy, arriving at Vologda, cast its eyes on Vologda's best club-house. The members moved out and the embassy moved in.

Robins started back for Petrograd. He arrived there on March 4th. On March 3d the preliminary signing of the peace—in the field—the signing without reading—had happened. On March 5th Robins went to Trotzky's office. Trotzky, as soon as he entered, said to him:

"Colonel Robins, do you still want to beat the peace?"

"Mr. Commissioner," said Robins, "you know the answer to that question."

"Well," said Trotzky, "the time has come to be definite. We have talked—and we have talked — about help from America. Can you produce it? Can you get a definite promise from your government? If you can, we can even now beat the peace. I will oppose ratification, at Moscow, and beat it."

"But, Mr. Commissioner," said Robins, "you have always opposed ratification. The question is, what about Lenin? Lenin, Mr. Commissioner, if you will pardon me, is

running this government. What about him?"

"Lenin," said Trotzky, "agrees."

"Will he say so?"

"He will."

"In writing?"

Trotzky bared his teeth to reply. "Do you want us to give you our lives?" he said. "The Germans are thirty miles from Petrograd. How soon will *your* people be within thirty miles?"

"Nevertheless," said Robins, "I will not handle a verbal message to my government. It's got to be written. I'll bring my interpreter back here with me. You tell him what you mean—in Russian. He'll write it down—in English. Then you and Lenin will read it in English and will say you understand it and will promise me to go through with it. Otherwise I can't handle it."

Trotzky yielded. "Be back at four," he said.

Robins went away. He went away confident. He remarks now, regarding Lenin and Trotzky:

"They never convinced me in the slightest degree that they could make Bolshevism work. But they did convince me absolutely

that they could keep their word. They made me many promises about Red Cross affairs and about other American affairs in Russia. They always made good on them. Unlike many gentlemen in the government which preceded them at Petrograd, Lenin and Trotzky never gave me any blue-sky talk. They never promised unless they had the will and the *power* to deliver. They often refused to promise. But, having promised, they delivered—always. The Germans tried to double-cross them, and they double-crossed the Germans. I tried to deal with them on the square, and they came back on the square—every time. Therefore, when Trotzky told me to be back at four I knew that at four I would get the document and that it would say precisely what Trotzky had said it would say."

So Robins went to get his interpreter, his Russian secretary, Alexander Gumberg. Also he went to see Mr. Charles Stevenson Smith, head of the Russian Bureau of the American Associated Press. Smith was skilled and wary. He had represented the Associated Press in the Far East. He had come to Petrograd soon after the Bolshevik revolution. He was skeptical of Bolsheviks.

"At Smolny," said Robins, "there's a thing going on that may stop the peace. Will you send a despatch on the policy of it?"

"I will," said Smith, "if I can get a satisfactory interview from Trotzky.'

"You know," said Robins, "that Trotzky has a rule against ever seeing any representative of the 'bourgeois' press."

"Get me an interview," said Smith. "It's the only way I can send the despatch."

Robins 'phoned Trotzky. He got an angry "Never!" He went back to Smolny at once and into Trotzky's office, and said:

"What is the sense in a rule against talking to 'bourgeois' newspapers when you are entering into negotiations with a whole 'bourgeois' country?"

Trotzky yielded again. "Send him," he said. Robins departed, and sent him.

At four o'clock Robins returned with his interpreter. Trotzky received them at once. He had a sheet of paper in his hand. It was his message to America, already dictated —in Russian—and typewritten. He conducted Robins and the interpreter to Lenin's room. There were other people there. Lenin left them. He led the way to the Council

Hall of the Council of People's Commissioners. There, at the end of a long table, Lenin and Trotzky and Robins and the interpreter sat down. The interpreter took Trotzky's piece of paper and translated the message on it into English, and then read the translation aloud.

Robins said to Lenin:

"Does the translation give your understanding of the meaning of the document?"

"Yes," said Lenin.

"Mr. President Commissioner," said Robins, "I must ask you another question:

"If the United States government answers this document affirmatively, will you oppose the ratification of the Peace of Brest-Litovsk at the All-Russian Congress of Soviets at Moscow?"

"Yes," said Lenin.

"Very well," said Robins, and rose.

The document is in the words following:

In case (a) the All-Russian Congress of Soviets will refuse to ratify the peace treaty with Germany or (b) if the German Government, breaking the peace treaty, will renew the offensive in order to continue its robbers' raid, or (c) if the Soviet Government will be forced by the actions of Germany to renounce the peace treaty, either before or after its ratification, and to renew hostilities—

In all these cases it is very important for the military

and political plans of the Soviet Power for replies to be given to the following questions:

1. Can the Soviet Government rely on the support of the United States of North America, Great Britain, and France in its struggle against Germany?

2. What kind of support could be furnished in the nearest future and on what conditions—military equipment, transportation. supplies, living necessities?

3. What kind of support would be furnished particularly and specially by the United States?

Should Japan—in consequence of an open or tacit understanding with Germany or without such an understanding—attempt to seize Vladivostok and the Eastern Siberian Railway, which would threaten to cut off Russia from the Pacific Ocean and would greatly impede the concentration of Soviet troops toward the East about the Urals—in such case what steps would be taken by the other Allies, particularly and especially by the United States, to prevent a Japanese landing on our Far East and to insure uninterrupted communications with Russia through the Siberian route?

In the opinion of the United States, to what extent —in the above-mentioned circumstances—would aid be assured from Great Britain through Murmansk and Archangel? What steps could the Government of Great Britain undertake in order to assure this aid and thereby to undermine the foundations of rumors of the hostile plans against Russia on the part of Great Britain in the nearest future?

All these questions are conditioned with the self-understood assumption that the internal and foreign policies of the Soviet Government will continue to be directed in accord with the principles of international Socialism and that the Soviet Government retains its complete independence of all non-Socialist governments.

Such was the document. Robins went with it immediately to Mr. R. H. Bruce Lockhart.

Lockhart was special commissioner in Russia for the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The Prime Minister had sent him to Russia for the special purpose of forming an opinion and of outlining a policy about the Bolsheviks. He had been in Russia before. He had spent seven years there in the British service. He had returned to England for a rest. He was dragged out of his rest and hurried to Russia to study the Bolshevik emergency and to keep the Prime Minister personally informed about it. He had a full mastery of the Russian language and he was the most trusted and the most powerful British representative in Russia at that moment.

Robins knew him well. Lockhart had been told in London to look Robins up in Petrograd. He did so. He worked with Robins in a close interchange of observations and of conclusions, agreeing or disagreeing. Lockhart was a professional diplomat. Robins was not. Robins wanted to know what Lockhart would think of Trotzky's message.

Lockhart read it. He had been in Russia

now, on his special mission, for some eight weeks. He read Trotzky's message, and he measured it by his knowledge of Russia and of the Bolsheviks, and he did not hesitate. He at once sent a cable to Mr. Lloyd George, in which he said:

> Empower me to inform Lenin that the question of Japanese intervention has been shelved; that we will persuade the Chinese to remove the embargo on foodstuffs; that we are prepared to support the Bolsheviks in so far as they will oppose Germany, and that we invite his (Lenin's) suggestions as to the best way in which this help can be given. In return for this there is every chance that war will be declared between the Bolsheviks and Germany.

Such was Lockhart's judgment. The matter was then presented to Mr. Harold Williams.

Williams was, and is, one of the most influential of writers about Russia. Besides corresponding with his newspaper in London, he corresponded intimately with the British government. He was a confidential agent of the British government. He was married to a distinguished Russian woman—Ariadna Tyrkova. He had lived in Russia for a total of some twelve years. He was, and is, vehemently anti-Bolshevik.

He was given an outline of the new special

situation at Smolny. He knew the whole general situation himself. He knew the background which tested Trotzky's message. He listened, and considered; and then, on the stationery of the British embassy, he wrote a message of his own, saying:

> The peculiar revolutionary tactics of the Bolsheviks forbid them to accept this peace as final. . . . At the Congress convened to ratify the peace there will be a strong agitation in favor of revolutionary war with Germany. . . . This movement may supply the nucleus of a real national resistance which would necessitate a broadening of the Bolshevik political platform. . . . For the present the Bolsheviks are the only party possessing real power in Russia. . . . National revival is certain, and the Bolsheviks will by their agitation stimulate it among the masses. It should be our business to foster this revival. . . . Rumors of intended Japanese intervention in Siberia embitter the sense of humiliation in all classes and divert resentment from the Germans to the Allies and endanger the future of our interests in Russia.

Such was Williams' judgment. He sent it by cable to his newspaper and also to Mr. Lloyd George.

In the mean time Trotzky's message was being prepared for transmission. It was being coded into the military code of the United States War Department by Captain Prince and Lieutenant Bukowski. They had been left behind in Petrograd by the

American Military Mission when the mission accompanied the embassy to Vologda. They worked at Trotzky's message together; and they got it coded; and Robins put it on the wire to Vologda; and it was now three o'clock in the morning; and Robins went to see Smith of the Associateds Pres.

Smith, on being waked, said that Trotzky had talked. He had talked for publication, as Secretary of Foreign Affairs of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, and he had said:

"America and Russia may have different aims. We are what we are in Russia and cannot change; and we do not expect the United States to change. But if the two of us have common stations on the same route, I do not see why we might not go together on the same car. Certainly, at least until revolution comes in Germany, Russia and the United States have an undoubted common route. In October last we did not exclude the possibility of a holy war against Germany. Now we consider it positively possible."

This interview Smith had already cabled. On the following day he cabled an observation of his own, as follows:

Whether Moscow Congress approves or rejects peace apparently depends largely on attitude of Entente Allies toward Soviet Government.

On that following day Robins learned there was an unavoidable stoppage of Trotzky's message at Vologda. Colonel Ruggles, the only man at Vologda who knew the War Department code, had left Vologda for Petrograd. Robins turned to Captain Prince. Would Captain Prince send the message direct to the War Department at Washington from Petrograd at once? He sent it. That was one route by which it went to Washington.

But it went also by the route from Vologda. Robins carried Trotzky's message to Vologda personally. He got there on the night of March 8th. On the morning of the 9th the American ambassador sent Trotzky's message to Washington in the code of the State Department. It went to Washington, therefore, by a double transmission.

On the morning of the 9th the ambassador also sent to Washington a cable of his own,[1] in which he said:

I cannot too strongly urge the folly of intervention by the Japanese just now. It is possible that the Congress of Soviets may ratify the peace. but if I

receive assurance from you that the Japanese peril is baseless, I am of the opinion that the Congress will reject this humiliating peace.

Such was Mr. Francis' judgment when the moment of decisive crisis came.

Robins was convinced then, as he is convinced now, that such facts about recent history in Russia cannot be properly suppressed. He was convinced then, as he is convinced now, that the evils of Bolshevism cannot be successfully met by counter-evils of untruthfulness and misrepresentation. If the Bolsheviks asked economic and military co-operation from the United States, Robins will say so. If Lenin and Trotzky were personally reliable in their personal dealings with the American Red Cross Mission in Russia, Robins will say so. He believed then, and still believes, that the only way of successfully meeting the evils of Bolshevism is first to eliminate the imaginary and irrelevant evils from our consideration and then to attack the real ones. His position in his dealings with the Bolsheviks in Russia was precisely his position now—namely:

In Bolshevism there are certain fundamental fallacies. Those fallacies are in the essential political and social method of Bol-

shevism. They would exist if the Bolsheviks had never executed one counter-revolutionary. They would exist if the Bolsheviks had never seen one German. They are fallacies of fundamental philosophy. They have an immense power over the minds of men in all countries harassed by existing economic injustices and hardships. They are fallacies widely, honestly held. They can never be understood, they can never be exposed, they can never be destroyed, by following side-trails to promiscuous cries of "common thief" and "vulgar murderer" and "bought pro-German." Assailed by such cries, Bolshevism is touched in no vital spot and proceeds unhindered on its way through the field in which it must win or lose—the field of actual political and social controversy and proof.

Farther on in the story Robins outlines the principles on which he believes that the evils of Bolshevism can be effectively combated and on which he believes that existing institutions of injustice and of hardship can be changed into institutions of self-respect and of decent human happiness without the Bolshevik method and in opposition to it.

At Vologda Robins thought he saw an opportunity for the Allies and for America to influence Bolshevism and to moderate it even in Russia itself. Bolshevism, by asking America to stretch out its hand to the Congress of Soviets at Moscow, was giving Western democratic thought a wide entrance into Russian life.

Robins, it must strongly be repeated, was not solitary in the view he took of this opportunity at Moscow. Harold Williams, in his cable to his newspaper and to Mr. Lloyd George, had spoken of the effect which Allied and American help would have on the "political platform" of the Bolsheviks. R. H. Bruce Lockhart and David R. Francis, in their cables to London and Washington, had urged their governments to abandon intervention against the Bolsheviks and to adopt intervention on the side of the Bolsheviks against the Germans and to live on terms of practical recognition, and therefore on terms of practical influence, with the Bolshevik government. London and Washington, through their highest authorized advisers in Russia, had been advised. Their reply would go a great distance toward settling two things—two things reaching far into

the future of Bolshevism in Russia and in the whole world:

1. Shall revolutionary Russia, in Harold Williams' language, get a tradition of help from the Allies and from America? Or shall it get a tradition of unfriendliness and of isolation from the Allies and from America?

2. Shall revolutionary Russia, as Williams suggested in his cable, get a "broadening" of its "political platform" through "national resistance" to its national foe and through co-operation with the democracies of the West? Or shall the Russian revolutionary spirit, shut in on itself, grow narrower instead of broader and become the increasingly fanatical and vindictive prophet and agent of an unmodified and finally unmodifiable world catastrophe?

Mr. Francis and Robins listened in Vologda. But Mr. Francis said to Robins:

"Robins, go to Moscow and keep me posted."

So Robins went.

"Have you heard from your government?" said Lenin to Robins again. It was on the day after he had made his first inquiry.

"I've not heard yet," said Robins again.

"Has Lockhart heard from London?" said Lenin.

"Not yet," said Robins, and added: "Couldn't you prolong the debate?" It was a rather courageous question.

On March 6th, in Petrograd, Robins had gone to Lenin and had told him about the unavoidable stoppage of Trotzky's message to America in military code at Vologda. He had asked Lenin for an extension of time to get his reply from Washington. He had asked for an extension of forty-eight hours. Lenin had made no definite answer, but, therefore, *Izvestia* carried the announcement that by request of President Commissioner Lenin the Moscow Congress had been postponed from March 12th to March 14th.

Now, in Moscow, Lenin simply said, "The debate must take its course."

"Can I get the credentials of the delegates?" said Robins.

Lenin consented. Robins got them from Sverdlov, chairman of the All-Russian Soviet Executive Committee. There were 1,204 delegates. Robins got 1,186 credentials. He had them examined by two persons.

One of these persons was a follower of the revolution, but not a Bolshevik—a Men-

shevik. The other was a member of the old nobility.

From their reports he knew that this convention was not a packed convention. He had already put out a supplementary investigation through men in his service who lived among the delegates at headquarters in the National Hotel. This convention was a valid convention of conscious Russia.

It did not represent—it did not pretend to represent—Russia's 7 per cent. of "bourgeois." It did effectively represent Russia's 93 per cent. of peasants and wage-earners.

Certain inert elements among the peasants might not have sent delegates. The really conscious elements had availed themselves of the summons despatched to all councils of wage-earners and of peasants and had come to Moscow with delegates bearing the documentary evidence of their elections.

From as far west as Smolensk, from as far east as Vladivostok, from as far south as Odessa, from as far north as Murmansk, these delegates of the 93 per cent. assembled. Robins, on going out of Russia, met the Vladivostok delegate at Vladivostok and the Irkutsk delegate at Irkutsk. Such encoun-

SVERDLOV, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, ALL-RUSSIAN CONGRESS OF SOVIETS

ters merely confirmed his conviction. The Fourth All-Russian Congress of Soviets was not a Congress of Soviet specialists from Petrograd and Moscow. It was a Congress broadly based on the effective mass of Russia.

It was a Congress of a Russia "real"-er and "old"-er than any Russia of any aristocracy. The great boots rising to the knee, the flannel shirts flowing over the breeches, the broad belts, these were the signs of a really antique country-side crowding the Hall of the Nobles.

The debate on the peace began on the 15th. It continued, with scant intermissions, through to the evening of the 16th. Most of the talking was against the peace. At eleven-thirty on the evening of the 16th Lenin spoke. After him no one spoke.

At eleven-thirty he was sitting in a chair on the platform. Robins was sitting on the steps of the platform. Lenin waved to Robins to come to speak to him. Robins came.

Lenin said, "What have you heard from your government?"

Robins said, "Nothing. . . . What has Lockhart heard from London?"

Lenin said, "Nothing."

Then Lenin said: "I shall now speak for the peace. It will be ratified."

He spoke for an hour and twenty minutes. He pointedly wanted to know with what resources, with what resources of fighting men, with what resources of fighting materials, the Russians would fight the Germans. He seemed to agree with the private soldier, who once instructed the learned propagandists of the Petrograd Soviet by saying:

"It's no use approaching German generals with a copy of Karl Marx in one hand and of Friedrich Engels in the other. Those books are in German. But German generals can't understand them."

Lenin spoke, though, above all, for respite for the revolution. His policy remained what it was in Petrograd. He would surrender Petrograd—the imperial, the revolutionary, city. He would surrender Moscow—the immemorial, the holy, city. He would retreat to the Volga. He would surrender anything, and retreat anywhere, if only, on some slip of land, somewhere, he might preserve the revolution and create the revolutionary discipline which did

indeed, twelve months later, enable him to fight a war on sixteen fronts and endure all the disabilities inflicted by the Allied economic naval blockade and still precariously revolutionarily live.

He spoke for a necessary peace, a preparatory peace, a peace of respite and return. Red cards rose up in hands all over the house to approve. Red cards rose up to disapprove. The count was had:

Not voting, 204.

Voting against ratification, 276.

Voting in favor of ratification, 724.

Russia was at peace. Russia was alone. Russia was headed for a war with the world.

Robins still sat on the steps of the platform. The count was cried through the house. It was the decision of the most populous white people in the world. It was the decision of the most innovating and upsetting of all peoples in the world. From them, through him, a question had gone to Washington, and an offer, begging a response. No response came to him then. No response came to him at any time afterward.

IV

THE PERSONALITY AND POWER OF NIKOLAI LENIN

A RED GUARD was walking through the Most Holy Gate of the Kremlin, in Moscow. Walking through it, he took off his hat. Passing a little shrine, he stooped and kissed the icon in it. He moved his rifle from his right hand to his left, and crossed himself with his right.

"Do you believe in God?" said Robins. The Red Guard seemed not surprised. He answered instantly:

"Yes, yes."

"Do you believe in Christ?"

"Yes, yes."

"Do you believe in the Church?"

The Red Guard clattered his rifle to the ground. "No, no!" he exclaimed. "No, no!" And he went on to say emphatically why. He said the Church was the agent of the Czar. He said the Church was the

spy of the Czar. He said the Church was the police-dog of the police of the Czar.

It bothered Robins. It reminded him too much of an incident that had happened to him once in Australia.

He had spoken in America for the Men-and-Religion-Forward Movement in a multitude of cities, and he had spoken in colleges in America, in North and South and East and West, to a long series of mass-meetings of students, on the theme always of a serving Church in a serving state, of a Church and of a state serving the daily work-hour needs of people. He had gone then on a journey round the world, still speaking on that theme and on themes like it. He came to Australia.

There, at Melbourne, a delegation of labor-leaders, including Cabinet Ministers of the Labor government, waited on him and formally withdrew an invitation they had extended to him to address a labor meeting. Why? Because they had learned that he was present in Melbourne as the guest of an organization of clergymen.

Greatly disturbed, Robins went to see the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister was friendly, but firm. "Brother Robins," said

he, "you cannot expect it to be any other way in Australia. When we had our big fight here, the clergy lined up almost solid with the labor-skinners."

Walking through the Most Holy Gate of the Kremlin, Robins reflected again on the consequences of a class Church—its consequences in the surrender of many coming rulers of working-men's parties and of working-men's governments to influences altogether outside the Church; and he arrived in the inside of the Kremlin; and he entered the building that had been the High Court Building of the Czar; and he went up three flights of stairs to a little room with velvet hangings and with a great desk of beautiful wood beautifully worked, where the Czar had been accustomed to sit and sign certain sorts of papers.

There now sits Lenin, short-built and stanch-built, gray-eyed and bald-headed and tranquil. He wears a woolen shirt and a suit of clothes bought, one would think, many years ago and last pressed shortly afterward. His room is quite still. As he has denounced "the intoxication of the revolutionary phrase," so he seems to reject the intoxication of revolutionary excitement.

He busies himself with reports and accounts of departments on his desk and receives visitors for stated lengths of time—ten minutes, five minutes, one minute. He is likely to receive them standing. He speaks to them with the low voice of the man who does not need to raise his voice.

In his ways of easy authority one may perhaps see his father, State Councilor of the Government of Simbirsk, hereditary nobleman. In his ways of thought one certainly sees his brother, executed as a political offender by the Czar's police when Lenin was seventeen.

Robins could never visit Lenin in the Czar's High Court Building without thinking of that execution and of the sanction given to it—and to all such executions—by the Russian State Church. Back of the gallows, generation after generation, in every part of Russia, stood the priests, with their vessels of gold and their vestments of lovely weavings, and with their icons, preaching obedience to autocracy and giving the word of God to back the word of the Czar, and blessing the hangman.

Out of that background came Lenin's talk. He talked with no other assumption

than that religion had departed out of the public life and out of the public policy of Russia, along with the Czar. He talked of secular effort only, of only material organization.

He said to Robins: "We may be overthrown in Russia, by the backwardness of Russia or by foreign force, but the *idea* in the Russian revolution will break and wreck every *political* social control in the world. Our method of social control dominates the future. *Political* social control will die. The Russian revolution will kill it—everywhere."

"But," said Robins, "my government is a democratic government. Do you really say that the idea in the Russian revolution will destroy the democratic idea in the government of the United States?

"The American government," said Lenin, "is corrupt."

"That is simply not so," said Robins. "Our national government and our local governments are elected by the people, and most of the elections are honest and fair, and the men elected are the true choices of the voters. You cannot call the American government a bought government."

"Oh, Colonel Robins," said Lenin, "you do not understand. It is my fault. I ought not to have said corrupt. I do not mean that your government is corrupt in money. I mean that it is corrupt and decayed in thought. It is living in the *political* thinking of a bygone *political* age. It is living in the age of Thomas Jefferson. It is not living in the present *economic* age. Therefore it is lacking in intellectual integrity. How shall I make it clear to you? Well, consider this:

"Consider your states of New York and Pennsylvania. New York is the center of your banking system. Pennsylvania is the center of your steel industry. Those are two of your most important things—banking and steel. They are the base of your life. They make you what you are. Now if you really believe in your banking system, and respect it, why don't you send Mr. Morgan to your United States Senate? And if you really believe in your steel industry, in its present organization, why don't you send Mr. Schwab to the Senate? Why do you send men who know less about banking and less about steel and who protect the bankers and the steel manufacturers and pretend to be independent of them?

It is inefficient. It is insincere. It refuses to admit the fact that the real control is no longer *political.* That is why I say that your system is lacking in integrity. That is why our system is superior. That is why it will destroy yours."

"Frankly, Mr. Commissioner," said Robins, "I don't believe it will."

"It will," said Lenin. "Do you know what ours is?"

"Not very well yet," said Robins. "You've just started."

"I'll tell you," said Lenin. "Our system will destroy yours because it will consist of a social control which recognizes the basic fact of modern life. It recognizes the fact that real power to-day is *economic* and that the social control of to-day must therefore be *economic* also. So what do we do? Who will be our representatives in our national legislature, in our national Soviet, from the district of Baku, for instance?

"The district of Baku is oil. Oil makes Baku. Oil rules Baku. Our representatives from Baku will be elected by the oil industry. They will be elected by the workers in the oil industry. You say, Who are workers? I say, The men who manage and the men

who obey the orders of managers—the superintendents, the engineers, the artisans, the manual laborers—all the persons who are actually engaged in the actual work of production, by brain or hand—they are workers. Persons not so engaged—persons who are not at labor in the oil industry, but who try to live off it without labor, by speculation, by royalties, by investment unaccompanied by any work of management or by any work of daily toil—they are not workers. They may know something about oil, or they may not. Usually, they do not. In any case, they are not engaged in the actual producing of oil. Our republic is a *producers'* republic.

"You will say that your republic is a *citizens'* republic. Very well. I say that man as producer is more important than man as citizen. The most important citizens in your oil districts—who are they? Are they not oil men? We will represent Baku as oil.

"Similarly, we will represent the Donetz coal-basin as coal. The representatives from the Donetz basin will be representatives of the coal industry. Again, from the country districts, our representatives will be

representatives chosen by peasants who grow crops. What is the real interest of the country districts? It is not storekeeping. It is not money-lending. It is agriculture. From our country districts our Soviets of peasants will send representatives chosen by agriculture to speak for agriculture.

"This system is stronger than yours because it admits reality. It seeks out the sources of daily human work-value and, out of those sources, directly, it creates the social control of the state. Our government will be an *economic* social control for an *economic* age. It will triumph because it speaks the spirit, and releases and uses the spirit, of the age that now is.

"Therefore, Colonel Robins, we look with confidence at the future. You may destroy us in Russia. You may destroy the Russian revolution in Russia. You may overthrow me. It will make no difference. A hundred years ago the monarchies of Britain, Prussia, Austria, Russia, overthrew the government of revolutionary France. They restored a monarch, who was called a legitimate monarch, to power in Paris. But they could not stop, and they did not stop, the middle-class *political* revolution, the revolution of middle-

class *democracy*, which had been started at Paris by the men of the French Revolution of 1789. They could not save feudalism.

"Every system of *feudal aristocratic* social control in Europe was destined to be destroyed by the *political democratic* social control worked out by the French Revolution. Every system of *political democratic* social control in the world to-day is destined now to be destroyed by the *economic producers'* social control worked out by the Russian revolution.

"Colonel Robins, you do not believe it. I have to wait for events to convince you. You may see foreign bayonets parading across Russia. You may see the Soviets, and all the leaders of the Soviets, killed. You may see Russia dark again as it was dark before. But the lightning out of that darkness has destroyed political democracy everywhere. It has destroyed it not by physically striking it, but simply by one flash of revealment of the future."

This utter assumption of the inevitability of things was naturally appalling to Robins. It was a denial of the essence of Americanism. The essence of Americanism is an utter assumption of human free will—of human

free will determining human fate by its own visions of its own moral preferences. It follows in complete Americanism that we have to consult the conscience of every citizen, irrespective of economic or other status, and that we have to proceed in the light of the accumulated consciences of the nation, as revealed roughly in majorities.

Lenin's philosophy could not convince any American like Robins. Robins came back from Russia more anti-Socialist than when he went. But he also came back knowing that Lenin's philosophy is indeed a philosophy and that it cannot be countered by pretending that it is nothing but blood and wind. It challenges Americanism with a genuine challenge. It does not merely reject the basis of Americanism. It brings forward a strongly competitive basis of its own.

Lenin, of course, frankly, was not talking about consciences or about majorities. But neither was he talking about nothing. He was talking about vitalities, economic vitalities. He was saying:

The working-class is to-day the vital economic class in Russia. Through that class we will make a Russian government

better than the Czar's or Kerensky's, because it will be more vital, and better than any political government anywhere, because it will be economic. And this system, by example, will penetrate and saturate the world.

Such was Lenin in talk.

One day, back in Petrograd, when the Germans were advancing, Robins went out from his hotel to walk along the Nevsky Prospekt. He made toward the Neva. There was a crowd of people gathering there at a corner. Robins saw that they were reading a placard spread on a dead wall, and that they were greatly excited by it. He joined them. This placard, in purport, said:

> Lenin has absconded to Finland with 30,000,000 rubles in gold from the state bank. The Russian revolution has been betrayed by false leaders. But there is hope now for Holy Russia. The Little Father is coming back. The Grand-Duke Nicholas Nickolaievitch is advancing from the Crimea with 200,000 brave, true Russian soldiers who will save Russia from the Bolshevik traitors.

Robins turned and hurried back to his hotel to get his sleigh. He drove to Smolny, and waved his card at the doorkeepers and ran up-stairs. In the corridors were crowds

of commissioners and clerks and guards, running, shouting, and running again, getting ready for something very immediate. Machine guns were being unhooded. Their cartridges were being run into them. The crowds, with the guns, surged over to one side of the building. Robins looked out from that side across the yard of Smolny, toward the Viborg—the Viborg workmen's quarter.

Two streets came from there toward Smolny. They were black with two streams of armed workmen flowing against Smolny. They would overwhelm Smolny and clean it out and then flow to the front against the Germans. Such was the cry.

Robins drew back from his window and worked his way along a corridor of dense panic toward Lenin's private office. He looked in.

Lenin was there. He was receiving telephone messages from the front. He was receiving personal reports from couriers. He was writing orders and sending them out. He was working without pause, as usual, and, as usual, without haste. He seemed quite unaware of any crisis.

Robins was thrust into the room by shout-

ing men behind him, who cried to Lenin, "The order to fire!"

Lenin jumped to his feet. For just one moment he, too, was excited. "No! No!" he said. And again he said, "No! No!" angrily. "Shoot them? We will talk to them. Tell their leaders to come in."

Somebody went to tell them. Lenin went back to his messages and his orders. The leaders of the mob began to come in and began to fill Lenin's office—workmen, in workmen's clothes, each with a bayoneted rifle in his hands and with a magazine pistol at his waist—workmen—soldiers—the men Lenin had to rely on—the armed revolutionary proletariate—the nucleus of the future Red Army of Lenin's Russia. They grounded their rifles. Somebody said to Lenin: "They are here." The outer door was closed.

Lenin rose and walked toward his visitors.

"Comrades," he said, "you see I have not run away. Comrades, I was fighting for the revolution before some of you were born. I shall be fighting for the revolution when some of you are dead. I stand always in danger. You stand in more danger. Let us talk frankly."

He put his hands in his pockets and walked up and down, and meditated and spoke:

"Comrades, I do not blame you for not always trusting your leaders. There are so many voices in Russia to-day! I wonder that you have trusted us as much as you have.

"Among honest revolutionists to-day there are two voices. One of them is right. One is wrong.

"Many comrades say:

"'You must go to the front and fight the Germans and die fighting. You must die fighting for the revolution.'

"They do not pretend, these comrades, that you are willing to fight for anything except the revolution. But they say, and they say truly, that the Germans are against the revolution. And so they say, 'Go and fight the Germans.'

"I do not say so. I say:

"'You are the new army. You are the only army of the revolution. You are the beginning of it. What will happen if you fight the Germans? The old army is not fighting. It cannot fight. It is exhausted. Only you, with the revolution in you, want to fight. You know what will happen.

You will fight. You will die. And the soldiers of the revolution will be dead, and the Czar will come back.'

"Would that be dying for the revolution? Comrades, when we die, let us die really for the revolution. Let us die when by dying we can win victory for the revolution.

"Comrades, my voice is right. They tell you I will make a shameful peace. Yes. I will make a shameful peace. They tell you I will surrender Petrograd, the imperial city. Yes, I will surrender Petrograd, the imperial city. They tell you I will surrender Moscow, the holy city. I will. I will go back to the Volga, and I will go back behind the Volga to Ekaterinburg; but I will save the soldiers of the revolution and I will save the revolution.

"Comrades, what is your will?

"I will give you now a special train to the front. I will not stop you. You may go. But you will take my resignation with you. I have led the revolution. I will not share in the murder of my own child.

"Comrades, what is your will?"

"Lenin! Lenin! Lenin!" The room held no other sound. "Comrade Lenin! Comrade Lenin!" It was a judgment delivered.

Having delivered it, the judges picked up their rifles and marched out of the room and down the corridor, still delivering their judgment. "Comrade Lenin."

Such was Lenin face to face with his followers. Such was Lenin the personal leader.

On the very night on which he came into power, at Petrograd, Lenin spoke in the All-Russian Congress of Soviets on the decree regarding land. He said, in effect:

"You will notice, comrades, that in many ways this is not our decree. In many ways this is the decree of some of our political opponents. But we have noticed the answers given by the peasants to the questions sent out to them. We cannot settle the problem of the land without regard for the ideas of the peasants. Time alone can tell, life alone can tell, whether we are right or they are right. In the mean time we must remember that we cannot impose our ideas when it is impossible to impose them. We must keep our ideas to put into force when we can, not when we can't."

Some months later, when Lenin was reproached for not carrying out the nationalization of all industries more rapidly, he

expressed himself to his critics about as follows:

"What would you have? The other day a delegation of comrades came to see me to nationalize their factory. I said:

"'Well, here is the form for nationalization. All that remains is to fill out the blanks, and your factory is nationalized. But tell me,' I said, 'where do you get your raw materials?'

"'Raw materials?' they said. 'Why, we don't know.'

"'Well,' I said, 'where do you sell your product? Who are your customers?'

"'We're sorry,' they said, 'but we can't tell you.'

"'I'm sorry, too,' I said, 'but, comrades,' I said, 'don't you think you'd better go home and look up those raw materials and look up those customers? Then come back and see me again.'

"I know that many things are done in haste in a revolution. I know they must be. I cannot make a revolution anything but a revolution. But our task has changed. It has changed with success. A few months ago we had to bring the revolution in. Now we have to make the revolution work. The

formula then was, 'All Power to the Soviet.' The formula now is, 'Labor Discipline.'"

He went on then to the writing of his message, in which he said that all persons not working must be obliged to work and that middle-class specialists must be hired, at any salaries necessary, to give technical direction to the factories of Soviet Russia. His critics took him to task at a great meeting of Soviet representatives. The hall was filled for hours with cries of "Bourgeois Lenin" and "Czar Lenin" from the extremists of the Left and with serious hostile arguments from speakers moderate but alarmed.

At the end, when the night was far spent, Lenin rose to reply. He said that all the arguments made against him could be divided into a certain number of classes. He would answer them class by class. He proceeded to do so. He spoke for perhaps half an hour. He got a vote of confidence as unmistakable as the vote from the Red Guards in his office at Petrograd. He returned to the Kremlin and continued to pursue his policy of "Labor Discipline."

He said, "I will cause a sufficient number of men to work a sufficient number of hours

at a sufficient rate of speed to produce what Russia requires."

It was a sufficiently Russian remark.

One day a man—an American—came to Robins in a great emergency of trouble. "I'm going to be ruined," he said.

"How? Where?" said Robins.

"My factory."

"Won't your men work?"

"Certainly they work. We're getting ten to twenty per cent. more product per man under Lenin than we did under Kerensky."

"Well, what's your complaint?"

"Listen! This workers' control may be all right in the factory. But now they're going to put it into the buying and selling. They're going to put it into the office. It's all wrong in the office. It won't go. But they've sent us an ultimatum. I tell you it 'll kill us."

"I agree with you," said Robins. "What do you want me to do?"

"Well, they say you can see Lenin. See him."

Lenin listened while Robins told him that this American company certainly has a lot of manufacturing knowledge, and that it is willing to go on using that knowledge

in Russia and giving Russia the benefit of it if only the Bolshevik government will compromise and not insist on putting workers' control into the office.

The compromise was made. Lenin wrote out an order stopping the putting of workers' control into the office.

Robins met the manager of that factory again, some time later, and asked him how he was getting on.

"All right," said he. "First rate."

"Going to keep on?"

"Sure."

"Tell me. If you get out of Russia, who will take your place making harvesters for Russia?"

"Why, some German!"

"Of course," says Robins. Robins' view was:

"Stay in Russia. Stick. Russia has a revolution. Lenin did not make it. He has led it, but he did not make it. Yet he does lead it. And he leads it all the time, as much as he can, toward work—toward the task of actually earning a living in a living world. He is calling for engineering advisers now, for factory managers. To get them he is willing to negotiate, and he has

tried to negotiate with foreign 'bourgeois' governments, and especially with the United States. To get them he is willing to compromise, just as he has compromised with my American business man. If we break with him altogether he will find it more and more difficult to make his government compromise with American business men. If we go away altogether, and leave Russia, he will make his compromises and get his factory managers where he can—and the quickest and easiest place is Germany. To fight Lenin is to play the German game."

Lenin, by April of 1918, had two immediate aims: work and order. Along about the middle of April Robins went to see Lenin and said:

"About this May-day parade, on the first of May. My men tell me there is going to be a lot of trouble. Why do you have the parade? It will cost a lot of money; and Russia is hungry, and poor; and there will be shooting and murdering. Besides, what has it got to do with work?"

Lenin looked really quite surprised.

"We have to have work," he said, "but we have to have May-day. On every May-day past, for many years, we marched in

honor of the revolution to come. Now, on the first May-day of the Soviet republic, we march for the first time in honor of the revolution accomplished. It has to be. We may march without shoes, but we have to march."

But Robins was persistent about it. He went to see Lenin again, later in the month. and said:

"It's just as I told you. There's going to be trouble. I'll give you just one case. My men saw a coffin being carried into a building on the line of march. Then they saw another coffin going into that same building. They kept on watching, and the coffins kept on coming; and now there are seven coffins in that building. And my men have taken a look at them inside. They're not coffins. They're machine guns. That's what's going to happen."

Lenin, rather wearily, scratched some words on a piece of paper. Robins thought it was an order to capture and confiscate the machine guns. It turned out to be quite more.

On the afternoon of the 30th of April Robins was in his room in the Hotel Europe. Some men came in. They closed the win-

dows and sealed the fastenings of the windows. They warned Robins against breaking the seals till the parade next day was over. A regulation had been issued. It had been issued to the legally responsible "house committee" of every house along the line of march. If from that house there should be a shot fired at the parade by anybody, then the whole "house committee" would be arrested and tried.

Next day forty-two thousand people marched nine miles through a city filled with revolutionists and counter-revolutionists, and not a shot was fired, and not one man or woman was hurt.

It was a holiday; it was a workless day; but Lenin, after all, had not been able to forget work. He had caused certain words to be displayed conspicuously everywhere. They met Robins' eyes all day long. To Moscow celebrating the joyous overthrow of capitalism, these words everywhere said: "Labor Discipline," "Labor Discipline," "Labor Discipline."

Such is the temperament of Lenin the ruler, in working pursuit of his economic social-control state.

The reviewing-stand of the Moscow May-

day parade of 1918 was in the Red Square, just outside the Kremlin. Along the Kremlin wall were two rows of trees. Paralleling them ran a trench—the trench in which the men who died for the Soviet revolution in Moscow lay buried.

The parade, in detachments, marched along by that trench and approached the reviewing-stand—a tall stand, almost like a monument—draped in red and black. Each detachment arriving at that point stood. It turned toward the long grave of its fallen comrades. Every soldier was at attention. Every civilian's hat was raised. The "Marseillaise" was sung. It was sung by everybody and it was sung through. Then this detachment went on, and the next detachment came, and again the "Marseillaise" rose, and again the revolutionary dead were summoned to the memory of the revolution.

Robins watched from his motor, near the reviewing-stand. He was in his American uniform, and his motor carried the American flag. He was standing beside it. Suddenly he was conscious of a stir in the crowd near him. Something was coming along, breaking through the crowd. In a moment Robins saw it. It was a motor carrying a red flag on

COLONEL ROBINS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CAR THAT CARRIED THE AMERICAN FLAG EVERY DAY THROUGH REVOLUTIONARY PETROGRAD AND MOSCOW

Next to him, with the rosette on his coat, stands Jacob Peters, who has received a bloody fame throughout the world as a second Robespierre. Peters signed the death papers of the Bolshevik governments. Next to Peters is Karakhan, who was secretary of the Brest-Litovsk Conference. Behind the boy soldier is Vasili Likhachov, Peters and Fire Chief of Moscow, at one time a cartoonist likewise in New York. Between Peters and Karakhan is Capt. H. Heywood Hardy, in Red Cross uniform. At the extreme right of the picture is Charles Stevenson Smith, head of the Associated Press in Russia. Next to Smith, wearing the leather coat, is Alexander Gumberg, interpreter and secretary to Colonel Robins.

each side of the hood and a red streamer floating from the folded top and soldiers with bayoneted rifles on the running-boards and on the front seat with the driver. In the back seat was Count Mirbach, the German ambassador.

Mirbach had just arrived in Moscow. He seemed, if one might judge from his flags and guards, to feel some need of protection in Moscow. Robins had been offered a red flag for his car. He had refused it. He was carrying only an American flag. Where was Mirbach's German flag? And why so many bayonets?

Perhaps Count Mirbach had read the editorial with which Karl Radek, in the official Bolshevik party paper *Pravda*, had welcomed him to Moscow. Most certainly he had read it. Everybody in public station read *Pravda*.

In *Pravda*, on April 28th, Carl Radek, recognized chief journalist of the Bolshevik party, had welcomed Mirbach to Moscow in these words:

> The Ambassador of the German government has arrived in Moscow. He has arrived in the revolutionary capital. But he does not come as the representative of the laboring classes of a friendly people.

He comes as the representative of a military clique which kills and robs and violates wherever its bloody imperialistic bayonets can reach.

Simultaneously with this bourgeois robbery from the west comes bourgeois robbery from the east. A reinforced Japanese detachment is landed in Vladivostok.

Whining intellectuals among us, bourgeois hirelings among us, are convinced that there is no salvation for us from the tusks of imperialism approaching us from both sides. They have never believed in the strength of the revolutionary government of workers and peasants. Now they are in favor of "capitulation."

They are mistaken. The revolution is only beginning to discover its forces. The liberated class has not yet risen to its full height. But it is rising even now.

The problem of the government of workers and peasants becomes the problem of organizing the resistance of workers and peasants to bourgeois slavery re-entering Russia on foreign wheels.

The representatives of German imperialism have entered Moscow; but, in order to get a ticket for Moscow, they have to admit the Red embassy of revolutionary Russia to Berlin. Our comrades go there as the representatives of a country which is the weakest of all countries in the military sense; but they go there as the representatives of a country morally victorious. Not one workman in Berlin will greet the ambassador of the Russian Socialist republic with the hate with which every workman in Moscow to-day greets the representative of German capital.

The Red banner has been raised over the Red Embassy at Berlin. It floats there not as the banner of Russia, but as the banner of the rebellion of the labor of the world.

Perhaps this editorial may have been a bit upsetting to Mirbach. Yet, in his motor, on the 1st of May, in the Red Square, he began by showing great composure—even gaiety. He watched the show with pleasure. He chatted. He showed his teeth, smiling.

Then, as detachment after detachment passed, and as the exhalations of the spirit of the music and of the spirit of the summoning of the revolutionary dead began to reach him, he grew silent. He looked on with eyes fixed. After a while he seemed to rouse himself at least to resentment. He grew scornful. He seemed to sneer. His lips were pressed together in lines that said: "This beaten people! This broken people! Let them parade. We will beat them some more and break them some more when we want to."

The "Marseillaise" was sounding. Hats were off. But Mirbach's hat was on. He could not stop these Russians from parading, perhaps. But he could insult them. He could keep his hat on and throw himself back in his car.

In a second, though, he was standing. He was looking intently. A great banner was approaching him. On it were Socialist

words. But they were not in Russian. They were in German. In German, in great letters, they said:

"Working-men of all countries, unite! German comrades, throw off your Kaiser, as the Russian comrades have thrown off their Czar."

Mirbach leaned forward to stare at the men carrying this banner. How did these Russians dare to carry it? They were the vanquished. He was the victor. He leaned forward as if to meet them and stop them; and they came close to him; and he could see them now plainly; and he showed his teeth now again, but not to smile.

These men were his own countrymen. They were Germans. With a German step they came and with a German order and wearing German uniforms. They were German Imperial troops serving the Russian revolution, the German revolution, the International revolution. In their procession there was the face of their new master—in a picture on a float—the face of a Jew—of a Jew once more declaring that all nations are of one blood—the face of Karl Marx. In his sign and in his service they brushed by the hood of the car of the ambassador

MAY-DAY PARADE, MOSCOW

Picture of Karl Marx carried on float.

of the Kaiser and came to a halt and grounded their banner and turned toward the grave of the revolutionary dead and stood at attention; and once more Mirbach heard the "Marseillaise"; and then once more, as the song ceased and as the procession resumed its march, that banner flung its swaying words at him:

"Working-men of all countries, unite! German comrades, throw off your Kaiser, as the Russian comrades have thrown off their Czar."

Mirbach sat down again in his car and threw himself back again in it; and his face took on the look of a man who sees a black gulf ahead of him, but who will drive on into it rather than not drive. "Let all these slaves march!" he seemed to say. "Let them all march, Russians and Germans and all. We will break them all."

But, somehow, he could not look at them any more. He turned his eyes away and sat brooding. There was pride on him still, but there was also the mark of a great doubt. A half-hour ago he had been so confident, so suave. Now he was sullen, suspicious, angry. Against what he had seen in front of him he was hurling the answer

of hate—his only answer; and he was meditating it unhappily, uneasily. To all who watched him he was sinister now—sinister and insecure. To Robins he was the image of the power of privilege, triumphant for century after century of human history, and brought now to the brink of a bottomless questioning and looking over that brink, and down into that questioning, and wondering if here indeed is the abyss, here the end.

The rulers of all western Europe are now gazing into that same abyss, and gazing with precisely Mirbach's headlong hate, followed by precisely Mirbach's quaking wonder. Both the hate and the wonder, both the reckless resort to force and the helpless inward panic of fear, are the offspring, Robins thinks, of thorough misinformation, sometimes innocent and sometimes deliberate, regarding the Soviet republic.

Robins came back from Russia in June of 1918, and said that in the Soviet republic there was great strength and great capacity for resistance. Other persons, much more in the confidence of the administration at Washington, came back and said that the Soviet republic was nothing but a street-

corner soap-box stuffed out with a German subsidy. For month after month, then, the Allies and the anti-Bolshevik Russians attacked the Soviet republic by arms on all fronts; and the Soviet republic, blockaded, starving, sick, with no conceivable help any longer from the Kaiser and with no possible access to the imported machine-materials on which Russian industrial life had always depended, for month after month held out. Tested by life, the Soviet republic was not a feeble thing. It was a powerful thing, generating its own power out of its own power-house, somewhere, somehow.

Robins' antagonists claimed that this native internal power-house did not exist. Robins claimed that it did exist. It has been proved to exist.

So far, Robins has tried to describe certain leading characteristics of Bolshevik power and intention. He has shown the actual authority of the Soviets even in the days before the Bolsheviks controlled them; he has shown the ruinous effect of the diplomacy of Trotzky on the morale of the German Eastern army and on the morale of the proletarian element in the German population; he has shown the willingness of Trotzky

and of Lenin to seek economic co-operation and to seek military co-operation with America and America's rejection of their offers; he has shown the carefully-thought-out theory of Lenin for an economic state; he has shown Lenin's willingness to concede, to compromise, in order to make some sort of state in Russia stand—stand with organization and with orderliness; and he has shown the personal and public devotion and the utter confidence which Lenin's followers give to Lenin and to Lenin's program.

Robins holds the view that no effort to combat Bolshevism can ever be successful unless it is directed against what Bolshevism is, instead of against what Bolshevism is not; and therefore he has first tried to describe what Bolshevism is, in its internal going power; and if people call him a Socialist for doing so, he can afford to be patient. Paraphrasing Lenin and rather reversing him, Robins can say to such people: "I was fighting Socialism before some of you ever thought of it, and I shall be fighting Socialism when some of you have quit."

V

THE BOLSHEVIK "BOMB"

TO a meeting of American business men Robins recently said: "You believe that private property has a great and useful mission in the world. So do I. You believe that free capital is absolutely necessary to the world's best progress. So do I. That is why I am talking to you to-day. There is a bomb under this room and under every other room in the world; and it can blow our system—your system and my system—into the eternal past with the Bourbons and the Pharaohs.

"I saw this bomb make its first explosion —in Russia. I am not responsible for any more brains than God has been willing to put into my head, and I cannot tell you the whole Russian situation in every part and in every light, but I have been saying one thing about this bomb now for eighteen months, and every new big development in Russia has proved that I am telling the

truth. This bomb is a real bomb. It is not simply a great lot of riots and robberies and mobs and massacres. If it were, it would be no bomb at all. We are talking now of something that can destroy the present social system. Riots and robberies and mobs and massacres cannot destroy the present social system or any social system. They can be stopped by force. They can be stopped by the strong arm of government in command of the physical power of government. The only thing that can destroy a social system is a rival social system—a real rival system—a system thought out and worked out and capable of making an organized orderly social life of its own.

"Gentlemen, this bomb is that kind of proposition. The danger of the Soviet system to the American system is that the Soviet system is genuinely a system on its own account.

"There was more law and order, gentlemen, in Petrograd and Moscow under the Bolshevik Nikolai Lenin than under the anti-Bolshevik Alexander Kerensky. I saw it with my own eyes. The methods used by the Bolsheviks to get law and order were drastic. They were ruthless. I am not

speaking now of the Terror. I shall speak of the Terror later. Here I speak of the enforcement of all law against all lawless elements, whether rebels or sneak-thieves or highway robbers or persons insisting on drinking alcoholic liquors when the drinking of alcoholic liquors was, and is, forbidden. All such persons were pursued with a great pursuit—altogether remarkable in a time of so many other demands and troubles—and, when caught, they were dealt with mighty shortly and suddenly. Orderliness was produced. I saw it with my own eyes, down to May of 1918.

"A year later Mr. Frazier Hunt of *The Chicago Tribune* and Mr. Isaac Don Levine of *The Chicago Daily News* go to Russia. It is 1919. There has been a Terror. There has been a war. There has been a blockade. There has been starvation. There has been daily hell, with men's hearts stirred to frenzy by the sufferings of their wives and children, and with men's hands reaching out by the instinct of such circumstances to any stores of food and fuel anywhere in any government warehouse or in any private cellar. But what do Mr. Hunt and Mr. Levine see? They see what I saw. They

see a population in which the instinct of personal self-preservation in hunger and agony is held in steady and successful check by the social control of the Soviet power. They see a population as orderly, fully as orderly, as the population of New York or of San Francisco.

"Gentlemen, the people who tell you that the Soviet system is nothing but riots and robberies and mobs and massacres are leading you to your own destruction. They are giving you your enemy's wrong address and starting you off on an expedition which can never reach him and never hurt him. To hurt Bolshevism you need at least to get its number. Bolshevism is a system which in practice, on its record, can put human beings, in millions, into an ordered social group and can get loyalty from them and obedience and organized consent, sometimes by free will, sometimes by compulsion, but always in furtherance of an organized idea—an idea thought out and worked out and living in human thought and human purpose as the plan of a city not yet made with hands, but already blue-printed, street by street, to be the millennial city of assembled mankind.

"Gentlemen, it is a real fight. We have to fight it with the weapons with which it can be fought. Against idea there must be idea. Against millennial plan there must be millennial plan. Against self-sacrifice to a dream there must be self-sacrifice to a higher and nobler dream. Do you say that Lenin is nothing but Red Guards? Gentlemen, let me tell you something. I have seen a little piece of paper with some words on it by Nikolai Lenin, read and re-read and then instantly and scrupulously obeyed in Russian cities thousands of miles beyond the last Red Guard in Lenin's army."

Robins was alluding to his experience on his way out from Russia back to the United States. He left Moscow on May 14, 1918, with a Bolshevik pass,[1] but also with five rifles and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition in his special car. The rifles

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[1] PRESIDENT PEOPLE'S COMMISSIONERS
MOSCOW
KREMLIN
5–11–1918

To all councils of deputies and other Soviet organization:

I beg you to give every kind of assistance to Colonel Robins and other members of the American Red Cross Mission for an unhindered and speediest journey from Moscow to Vladivostok.

PRESIDENT C.P.C.
V. ULIANOV (LENIN).

and the ammunition were the property of the Soviet government. To get them Robins had to get a most special permit. He went to the Soviet government, and got the permit, and went around to say good-by to his friends and acquaintances in Moscow. He told them he was going out by Vladivostok.

"What?" said the experts in boulevard upper-world underground information. "What? Going out by Vladivostok? Not by Archangel? Not by Murmansk? Not by Finland? Do you mean it? By Siberia? My dear man, don't you know that Lenin stops having any say-so about anything at all when you get to a point five hundred miles east of here? Don't you know that all Siberia is overrun with Soviets who pay no attention to Lenin and with brigands who pay no attention to the Soviets? Don't you know that the Soviets and the brigands between them will take all your money and probably all your clothes?"

"No, I do not," said Robins. He was weary of answering such questions in any other way. "No, I do not," he said, and boarded his train.

He got to Vladivostok. He got there in a running-time only a few hours greater than

would have been consumed by the running-time of the Siberian Railway under the old régime. He himself has seen the Siberian Railway under the Kerensky régime. The Bolsheviks were doing better by it. There was less clutter. There was more energy. Incidentally, there was food at every station. And, above all, the local governments were not raising their heads against Lenin as they had raised them against Kerensky.

In 1917, when Robins came into Russia through Siberia, the Red Cross Mission with which he traveled was stopped at Chita by a local government and had to run by stealth through Krasnoyarsk in order to avoid being stopped by a local government there. In 1918, when Robins came out of Russia, his Red Cross car was stopped nowhere. Nowhere did any local government interrupt it. Nowhere did any local government, after Robins had shown his credentials from Moscow, even attempt to examine it.

Between Moscow and Vladivostok Robins passed through fifteen different successive Soviet jurisdictions. At the first town within each jurisdiction there would be a commissioner and a platoon of soldiers. They

would start going through the train to which Robins' car was attached. They would arrest persons whom they called rebels—counter-revolutionaries. They would confiscate property—vodka, for instance, and rifles—which they called contraband. Robins had no vodka, but he had rifles. Moreover, he was a bourgeois. According to the boulevards he was entitled to be shot at sight by any true Soviet anywhere. Nevertheless, he would venture to show the commissioner a certain paper. The commissioner would sit in Robins' car, with his soldiers outside, and read this paper. Having read it, he would rise and bow and say, "Please, thank you, good day." And that would be the last Robins ever saw of him, and the soldiers never came into the car, and nothing in the car was ever examined or censored or in any slightest way subjected to any local stoppage, interference, or scrutiny.

The paper was a wish by Lenin. He could not physically enforce it, because at that time his Red Army was not large enough to reach so far; but it was a wish by Lenin. It said in effect that courtesy to Colonel Robins of the American Red Cross was desired by Lenin. It bore the

words Vladimir I. Ulianov and then in parentheses the word Lenin. It was enough.

It was enough on the Volga, and it was enough on the Amur. On the Amur, at Khabarovsk, Robins came to a Soviet farther away from Moscow than any other Soviet on Russian soil. It was "The Soviet of the Far Eastern District," bordering the Arctic, bordering the Pacific. Its president-commissioner, A. M. Krasnotshokov, read Lenin's letter and at once in due form gave Colonel Robins of the American Red Cross the official freedom of the city of Khabarovsk and took him to attend a conference of the local Council of People's Commissioners, since Lenin wished him to have courtesy. On the Amur, four thousand five hundred miles beyond the farthest line then reached by any soldier in Lenin's Guard, Lenin's name was enough. It was the name of the revolution, of the Soviet idea, of the Soviet system.

At Vladivostok Robins took his rifles and his cartridges and surrendered them to the Vladivostok Soviet. He had not fired one shot. He had not heard one shot fired by anybody else.

That was Siberia of the Bolsheviks.

To-day in Siberia the anti-Bolshevik ruler, Kolchak, cannot get obedience from the Siberian population and cannot keep the Siberian Railway for one day free from raiders and marauders without the help of scores of thousands of foreign Allied and associated troops. In May of 1918 a letter from Lenin, without even a headquarters policeman behind it, could send a car across all Siberia from Cheliabinsk to Vladivostok unmolested and unsearched and could get from every local governmental capital an immediate response of loyal fellowship.

Robins sat on the deck of a steamer going out of Vladivostok and watched the headlands of Asia dimming and said to himself:

"Back there, in that country, a dark country, I have seen a new social binder among men."

Oddly, very oddly, the Allied and Associated governments seemed at that time, in certain ways, to entertain a quite similar opinion. Robins, on his steamer, thought back over certain strange things recently done by the Allied and Associated governments—things strange, indeed, if the Soviet republic was really thought by them to be

nothing but Russian anarchism venally serving German militarism.

There was the matter of the American Railway Mission in Russia. It was despatched to Russia in 1917. In March of 1918 part of it was in Harbin in Manchuria and part of it was in Nagasaki in Japan. In that same month of March the Bolsheviks ratified the peace of Brest-Litovsk. The worst about them was known. The American ambassador, Mr. David R. Francis, was in Russia, at Vologda, to know it. Yet on March 27th, eleven days after the ratification of the Peace of Brest-Litovsk, and in the full light of the full meaning of that event, Mr. Francis wired Mr. Stevens of the American Railway Mission in Harbin to send Mr. Emerson and a party of a hundred other American railway experts on into Soviet Russia to serve the Soviet government in the operation of the Soviet railway system. And on April 6th, from Vologda, Mr. Francis informed Robins by wire at Moscow that he had cabled Washington, urging the American government to support and promote this plan.

Mr. Francis now talks as if no representative of a respectable government could

ever have extended a finger toward the Soviet government except by way of reprobation. He extended a whole hand of friendship to it in the vital matter of the technical improvement of its transportation. He must have regarded it as a government worthy of his hand.

Again there was the matter of the training of the Soviet government's Red Army. The American ambassador lent his countenance and his active assistance to the training of that army. So did all the representatives in Russia of Britain, France, and Italy. In March of 1918, after the ratification of the shameful peace and the so-called betrayal of Russia to Germany by the Bolsheviks, the representatives of the Allied and Associated governments conferred earnestly and frequently with the Bolshevik Secretary of War—Trotzky himself—and with Bolshevik generals, regarding the best methods of providing military instruction and "revolutionary discipline" for the new Red Army; and Allied infantry officers, artillery officers, aviation officers, hastened up from South Russia to Moscow to take part in the giving of that instruction and in the imparting of that discipline.

Mr. Francis now seems to regard the Red Army as a very vicious army. It was just as vicious in the spring of 1918. But on March 26, 1918, Mr. Francis from Vologda solicitously inquired from Robins at Moscow, "What progress in formation of new army?" And on May 3, 1918, he called attention to his sympathetic attitude toward the Soviet republic by saying (among other things) in a letter to Robins: "You are aware of my action in bringing about the aid of the military missions toward organizing an army."

Why did Mr. Francis want to help organize an army of anarchists and pro-Germans? In justice to him one is forced to conclude that he did not think it was an army of anarchists and pro-Germans. It was not; and the ambassador, previous to the time when intervention was ordered at London and Paris and Washington, said by his actions that it was not.

Also there was the matter of the co-operation between the Allies and the Bolsheviks at Murmansk. This co-operation was witnessed by a member of Robins' Red Cross staff—Major Thomas D. Thacher. Major Thacher was secretary of the American Red Cross Mission in Russia under Colonel Bil-

lings, and then under Colonel Thompson, and finally under Robins. He was especially assigned to have charge of "distribution of civilian relief"—the distribution of milk, for instance, in Petrograd. He is by private occupation a lawyer, in New York. He left Russia in March of 1918 because of the serious illness of his father, and he went out by way of Murmansk.

In March, at Murmansk, there was the following state of things:

There was a Soviet there, headed by a man named Youriev, formerly a fireman on board a Russian ship belonging to the Russian Volunteer Fleet. There was also a British admiral there—Admiral Kemp—in command of His Majesty's war-ship *Glory*. There was also a French commanding officer there with some French forces. These three persons—the Soviet commissioner, the British admiral, and the French commanding officer—were co-operating in a project of war against the White Finns and the Germans along the line of the Murmansk Railway. The supreme control of the project was in the hands of the Soviet, headed by the ex-fireman. The British admiral honored the ex-fireman. He fired a formal salute

from the *Glory* to the ex-fireman's flag, the flag of the Soviet republic, the Red flag. Would Admiral Kemp have fired a salute to a pro-German anarchist flag? One cannot believe it. The salute he fired must have been to a Red flag remotely worthy of association with Britain's own red ensign.

This association, this co-operation, at Murmansk, was witnessed by Major Thacher down to March 26, 1918. It was sanctioned by Trotzky. In and by itself it wrecks the theory of an Allied and associated diplomacy believing the theory of a Soviet republic created and operated by the German General Staff.

But again—and in climax—there was the matter of the Black Sea Fleet. Did that fleet fall into the hands of the Germans? It did. Was that pro-German? Well, before the Black Sea Fleet fell into the hands of the Germans, there was a certain offer made. It was made by the Soviet government to the British. The Soviet government deliberately and distinctly offered to the British, through the British commissioner at Moscow, the opportunity to send British naval officers to take charge of the Russian Bolshevik Black Sea Fleet! "If those offi-

cers," said Trotzky, "find that they can do nothing else, they can at least sink the fleet before the Germans get it."

The British commissioner will not deny that this offer was made. He mentioned it in a letter to Robins. Like the American ambassador, the British commissioner now wears the look of a man who always knew that those Bolsheviks could not be tolerated. But also like the ambassador, he wrote himself down as knowing no such thing at a time when the Bolsheviks were under their thickest cloud of alleged pro-Germanism. In his letter to Robins, on May 5, 1918, he signed his name—R. H. Bruce Lockhart—to the following explicit statement, covering the Black Sea Fleet incident and also certain other incidents, convincing then and equally convincing now:

Moscow, *5th May, 1918.*

Dear Colonel,—I am afraid you will have left for Vologda before I have a chance of seeing you. Do let me, in support of my view of things here, put before you the following definite instances in which Trotzky has shown his willingness to work with the Allies.

(1) He has invited Allied officers to co-operate in the reorganization of the New Army.

(2) He invited us to send a commission of British Naval officers to save the Black Sea Fleet.

(3) On every occasion when we have asked him for papers and assistance for our naval officers and our evacuation officers at Petrograd he has always given us exactly what we wanted.

(4) He has given every facility so far for Allied Co-operation at Murmansk.

(5) He has agreed to send the Czech Corps to Murmansk and Archangel.

(6) Finally, he has to-day come to a full agreement with us regarding the Allied stores at Archangel whereby we shall be allowed to retain those stores which we require for ourselves.

You will agree that this does not look like the action of a pro-German agent, and that a policy of Allied intervention with the co-operation and consent of the Bolshevik government is feasible and possible.

Yours very sincerely,
R. H. Bruce Lockhart.

Mr. Lockhart was Mr. Lloyd George's special personal representative in Russia. If Mr. Lockhart told Mr. Lloyd George what he told Robins, then Mr. Lloyd George had reason to know that the Soviet government was precisely what Robins has always said it was—a government on its own account, having its own stake and playing its own hand in the world, co-operating here and refusing to co-operate there, with this foreign government or with that foreign government, indifferently, according to its own vision of its own Socialist revolutionary interest.

Yet, as Robins crossed the Pacific on his way back to the United States, he could see the fog of Allied intervention closing down over Soviet Russia. The training of the Red Army by the Allied and American missions was stopped. The offer of the Black Sea Fleet to the British was refused. Intervention was in the air. Its causes were a fog. And it itself turned out to be, in method, a fog. Robins hoped that at Washington he might be able to penetrate it and perhaps to dissipate it.

He hoped also that he might be able to talk to American business men about the message conveyed to American business by the victory of Bolshevism over capitalism in Russia. It was capitalism's first defeat—its first first-class defeat—in the world. Capitalism would be absurd—and therefore doomed—if it could not learn something from that experience. What is the strength, what are the weaknesses, of American capitalism to-day? How can it best prepare itself for its approaching competition with the Soviet idea and with the Soviet system in the world's future? On that theme Robins has spoken now to many audiences of American business men. He has tried

to express both his objective conclusions and the personal routes by which he came to them, candidly. He has said: "I want you to understand my approach to this problem. For years I was a wage-earner, living on my own manual labor. For years now I have been a capitalist, living on my earnings invested, living on dividends. I come to this problem, therefore, gentlemen, from both approaches. So, fortunately, do many of you—perhaps most of you. This is America. We are wage-earners to-day and capitalists to-morrow. A Bolshevik once said to me: 'You Americans have a bourgeoisie with working-class traditions and a working-class with a bourgeois temperament.' I could not contradict him. I did not want to contradict him. I hope that forever and forever we may have an America in which when you scratch a bourgeois or scratch a wage-earner you find simply an American.

"The problem is, how to make sure of such an America?

"You are proud, gentlemen, of American industry. You have a right to be proud. American industry has the primary and fundamental virtue of being able to make

the wheels go round, and go round fast. It can produce. I do not believe that any Socialist system could produce so rapidly and so abundantly. I held that disbelief about Socialism when I went to Russia. Having returned from Russia, I still hold it. My conclusion is that the American system is the system that deserves to survive, for productivity, for delivering the goods.

"And why is it able to deliver the goods? Surely the reason is the familiar one:

"It summons, it welcomes, personal individual leadership. To the man who has a great industrial value it gives a great financial reward; but it gives him more than a reward. It gives him command. It takes a Henry Ford and, without the aid or consent of the electorate of Michigan, or of commissions and sub-commissions, or of investigations and further investigations, it puts him, by proof of his own efforts, into a position in which he can make motor-cars the way Henry Ford wants to make motor-cars.

"Some industries—like water-works—are not fitted to that kind of individual command. Manufacturing industries—the origi-

native industries—are. In them lies the creative force of the industrial world; and in them the American system, at its best, gets prodigious productivity by summoning and welcoming a leadership highly individual, highly personal, clothed with opportunity and with authority to put that personality into product and into the organization of men. This strength, surely, we ought never to abandon. It is a mighty strength.

"But American industry has two weaknesses, frequently disclosed. They might be fatal. I do not think they need to be fatal. They can be overcome.

"Gentlemen, you have just gone through a war. During that war you lived by a new standard. You lived by a standard forbidding at least one of the two weaknesses of American industry. It was not enough for you during the war to be able to show that your business was successful. You had to show that your business was successful for the United States. If it was not successful for the United States, you had at least to pretend that it was. You forgot the old boasts. You learned new boasts.

"Your sons were on the Western front.

They had nothing to do with making this war. They are still, many of them, on the Western front to-day. They do not survive to enjoy what they earned. You have their earnings. I used to speak, before we were in the war, and before I was sent to Russia—I used to speak to Canadians at enlistment meetings. I saw the faces of the men as they came up to enlist. What did I see on those faces? Youth. Youth unknowing of the past and unknowing of the future. Youth which there in Canada—and afterward here in the United States—took ship for France to die, still unknowing, for institutions which were not of their hands and which were never to be in their hands, but which they preserved to make life for you and me now livable. In the presence of that atonement, by the innocent for the old, you did not dare to express any standard for your business except a new standard. It came to your lips. You spoke it then. You have to speak it now. It has to be kept. It was—it is—the standard of public service.

"Gentlemen, when American industry turns from free personality to an artificial control of prices, when it turns from free

productivity to a concerted partition of markets, when it turns from leadership to pure profit-taking, then it abandons service and exposes a weak point, a point of dangerous weakness, to the attacks of the Soviet system. The Soviet system, feeble as I think it is in its economic mechanism, has nevertheless a great strength in its economic aim. Its economic aim is public use, public benefit. To compete with it we must have in American industry a similar continuous aim of public use, of public benefit; and what we learned about service in a time of war we must learn to perpetuate for all time.

"That is our first need, in my observation, to check our first weakness. Our second need, out of our second weakness, is again, I think, a vital change of standard and view.

"We must altogether abolish the commodity view of labor. It is not labor that is the commodity. It is capital. I send my capital to distant places to work for me and do not go myself. When I used to send my labor to work for me, in the field or in the mine, I always went right along with it. I was always right there. Capital

is matter, and must have the rank of matter. Labor is life and must outrank capital in the consideration of managers of industry.

"I want to read you a certain statement of the comparative social values of labor and capital.

"'Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the highest consideration.'

"I hope you agree with this statement. I hope you find it American. It was written by the most American of all the Americans that have ever lived. It was said to the American people by Abraham Lincoln as President of the American people. I call it Americanism and I call it the spirit which must be added among us to American individualistic capitalism in order to make it fully American and fully secure.

"You may ask me, What would this spirit do in practice? I say it would do two things.

"First, it would remove from every wage-earner's home, by the regularizing of industry and by insurance, the monstrous

terrors of unemployment and of the indefensible destitution which falls upon that home with sickness, old age, sudden death. The means by which this end can be reached are well known. What we lack is the will. The spirit of Abraham Lincoln would give us the will.

"In the second place, it would set us at once to devising the best and largest free co-operation possible between the managers of industry and the rank-and-file employees of industry in the technical and social purposes of industry.

"A labor leader was walking by the Pennsylvania Railway station in New York. He pointed to it and said:

"'The men who put the stones together in that station saw only the stones. They were given only the stones. Some day labor will be given the plan of the beauty its hands are making.'

"That is the principle. Human beings have to know, and have to share, the plan as well as the stones of their labor; and today we have to go one step beyond the step which my people in the Southland of these States were made to take in 1863.

"We thought, we Southerners, and we

thought sincerely, that cotton could not be grown without slave labor. We knew the negro. We knew you could not make the negro work except as a slave. We knew all about it. And we were just exactly one hundred per cent. wrong. In the Southern states to-day, with the free negro labor, I know men who are raising so much cotton per acre and making so much money per acre that an old ante-bellum slave-owner would cry to see it.

"Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves; and, in the words I have quoted from him, he prophesied the next step. He was the greatest among us for many reasons, but for none more than this, that he divined the answer to a day he never saw.

"In that day, to-day, by enlightenment or by another cataclysm, we will take that next step. We will advance the free wage-earner from having a freedom of person to having additionally the freedom of industry. He is to-day, in matters of management, an industrial outsider. We will make him an insider. We will give him a responsible citizenship in industry. By voluntary shop-organization, by committees not of governmental bureaucrats, but of managers and

employees in their own workrooms, we will produce a free co-operation of human beings in industry not only for hours and wages, but for problems of production and for divisions of profit among investors and managers and employees and for extensions of service to the public.

"The supreme task of American industry to-day is to cure its two weaknesses and yet to retain its primary fundamental strength—free leadership. American industry has to combine free leadership with the obligation of service. It has to combine free leadership with the obligation of partnership between the leaders and the led. It has to do it.

"In just one set of circumstances could the Soviet system out-compete the American system. Let the American system be operated purely for private aims and with a labor outside management, and driven, not co-operating. Let the Soviet system, on the other hand, be operated for public purposes and with a labor co-operating because conscious of partnership and participation and responsibility. Then the industrially poorer system might out-compete the industrially better system; because it would have a better social psychological driving-engine in it.

"Our task is to equal that engine—and to improve upon it. We can. The Soviet engine, after all, goes back to a class dictatorship and a coercive state. We, out of freedom, out of traditions of freedom and of free effort not known to Russia (or, in truth, to any other European country), ought to be able to make an engine as superior to Lenin's as consent is to force.

"Force, relatively to consent, does not create. Force, if continued to its utmost, is death. Consent, if continued to its utmost, is life almost illimitable. We have a better start than any other country in the world toward a system based on consent. Let us proceed to get by consent, morally, the going power which other countries are trying to get by force, mechanically. Then I should have no fear of the outcome. Then I should say that the American system, retaining free leadership and retaining personality—*personality*—and with the added lift in it of service to the public and of co-operation with labor, voluntary service and voluntary co-operation, could face any competition in the world and emerge not merely secure, but triumphant, dominant, the world's model and imitated master. May it be!"

With such thoughts in mind about the answer of Americanism to the challenge of Bolshevism, Robins landed at Seattle and there received a message from Washington saying that the State Department desired him not to talk for publication. He had already received a similar message at Vladivostok and another similar one at Tokyo. They amounted to an order. Robins had represented the American government—an official branch of the American government—in Russia. The American government now requested him to be silent, in public, about Russia. He obeyed, and proceeded to Washington.

There he talked to various officials, highly placed within the administration. Some of them, having heard him, would at once say that of course the President must hear him too, straight off. They would say that they would speak to the President immediately. The President would send for him. Later, meeting Robins again, they would be reticent about the President. The President did not send for him.

Robins was then in this position:

He was the only American who personally intimately knew the leaders of the existing

Russia. He had come to know them as an agent of the American government. Returning, he could not speak to the man in the White House who was acting for the American people toward Russia; and, by order of that man's State Department, he could not speak to the people.

In July intervention came. Still Robins remained silent. The great war was on. He remained silent as long as it lasted. He remained silent even after it had ended, because for some time the administration seemed likely to withdraw from intervention, and Robins naturally did not wish to make unnecessary revelations of American misadventures abroad. In silence he looked on till all hope of withdrawal from intervention by will of the administration had passed and till the Overman Senate Committee officially summoned him to speak. Then and thereafter he spoke, and spoke at liberty, in public, with the same facts with which he had previously spoken, in private, to Washington officials.

It is to be noted that he spoke to those officials privately but fully. Those officials then knew, and it was open to the President to know, in June of last year, the reasons

why intervention in Russia was bound to bring forth the results now spread before us.

Intervention has fed the flame of Bolshevism in Russia and has scattered its sparks on a high wind through the world.

In Russia, with the first authentic mutterings of intervention, the Terror—the Mass-Terror—began. Russians were in arms against Russians. Reactionary Russians, Russians the enemies of all human democratic liberty, were getting secret Allied help and were soon to get open Allied help. By themselves they had not been dangerous. With Allied help they genuinely threatened the revolution. The revolution rose against them. It rose against all counter-revolutionary leaders, reactionary or democratic. It rose against them not only as counter-revolutionaries, but as traitors. If the anti-Bolsheviks said to the Bolsheviks, "You have served the German foreigners," the Bolsheviks said to the anti-Bolsheviks:

"You are serving the Allied foreigner, and you are doing something we never did. We surrendered some Russian soil to Germany. We surrendered it under compulsion, and we shall get it back. But we surrendered it. Yes. But you! You propose

to use foreign bayonets to settle a domestic Russian question. We overthrew Kerensky with Russian bayonets. You know it. You know that the Czar fell when the bayonets of the Russian army left the Czar and went to the men of the March revolution, and you know that Kerensky fell when the bayonets of the Russian army left Kerensky and went to the men of the November revolution. The peoples of foreign countries may not know it, but their rulers know it, and you know it. You know that those Russian domestic questions were in fact settled by Russians. Now you propose to settle the next question with foreign soldiers. You propose to destroy the Russian revolution with Japanese. Your days are numbered."

So spoke the revolution at that hour. The counter-revolution spoke with equal vehemence, with equal cruelty. The White Terror of the anti-Bolsheviks on the Volga was the full equivalent of the Red Terror at Moscow and at Petrograd. But the Red Terror was the stronger. It had behind it now not only the sentiment of the proletarian revolution, but increasingly the sentiment of outright old-fashioned Russian nationalism.

It sent the anti-Bolshevik leaders to their

graves and it drove anti-Bolshevik leaders into silence and into hiding. More than ever the Bolshevik party was the only Russian party left standing. More than ever the Bolsheviks had their own way, and worked their own will, in Russia.

Then came the second stage of this political strengthening of Bolshevism. Anti-Bolshevik leaders, surviving, began to come out of their hiding and began actually to join themselves to the Bolsheviks. To-day Chernov himself is reported, and denounced, by the Kolchak press in America as being an officeholder in the Bolshevik government. The denunciation is natural. The event which wrings it out is crushing. When Chernov goes over to the Soviet, the Soviet has received the chief personal embodiment of all democratic anti-Sovietism.

Chernov was the president of the All-Russian Constituent Assembly, which Lenin dispersed. The Constituent Assembly was the alternative to the Soviet. At the peak of the Soviet stood Lenin. At the peak of the Constituent Assembly stood Chernov. Now Chernov and Lenin stand together, within the Soviet, against the foreigner.

What have we done to Lenin? We have

manufactured Lenin the Internationalist into Lenin the great Russian patriot. Also we have manufactured him into a great war lord.

On the first of May in 1918, at Moscow, Robins saw the first general official public parade of the new Russian Red Army. It happened on Hodinka field. There the Czar —each successive Czar in the whole long line of Romanovs—used to cause vodka to flow in free streams for his people on the day of his coronation, and, having thus illustrated a drunken Russia, used to illustrate a tamed Russia by concluding the celebration with a parade of the Cossack Guard. On May-day of 1918 the parade was of the Guard of the Red revolution.

On that day, for the first time, this revolutionary guard wore its revolutionary symbol —the symbol now displayed on so many widely extended and widely separated fronts —the button with the plow, the hammer, and the sword crossed on it, the triple mark of the republic of peasant, workman, and soldier.

Trotzky came to review the parade. He was now Minister of War. It was an earnest parade. But it was not terrifying. A few regiments of Socialist soldiers, most of them

better Socialists than soldiers, straggled across a field in poor equipment and in poor training under the inspecting eye of a little pacifist Jew.

We destined that little pacifist Jew to become the organizer of an army of one million fighting—and really fighting—men. From every front in Russia the word comes back to the Allies, all the time, that the local population is more Bolshevik than before and that the national Red Army is better than before.

An Allied observer on the Denikin front last winter was obliged even then to note the development of the Red Army. He reported:

There are four hundred and thirty thousand Red bayonets against Denikin on this front. "The fighting value of the Reds improves every day." Cowards and mutineers in the Red Army are now executed. The undisciplined mob of a few months back "is now taking the form of a real military force as the result of measures which have been well thought out and energetically put into operation."

What has intervention done? What has capitalism, through intervention, done? It

has taught Socialism the art of war. It has provided Socialism with a large and a good army.

Even if we get to Moscow now, and kill Lenin, Lenin is not killed. By pressure we have transfused his spirit into local populations more Bolshevik than before and into hundreds of thousands of trained fighting-men who will keep in their pockets a little button with a plow, a hammer, and a sword on it, and bring it out again and pin it on again the very moment our backs are turned.

That is our political and military contribution to Bolshevism by intervention. Next comes our propagandist contribution.

Bolshevik Russia, left alone, was a loud enough proclaimer of Bolshevism. But Bolshevik Russia, blockaded, starved, attacked by Finns and Poles and Serbs and Czecho-Slovaks and French and Italians and British and Americans and Senegalese, cries Bolshevism now with a doubled voice. It cries it as Bolshevism, as a special philosophy. And it cries it as new, plain, general appeal to every working-class in the world to rally to the rescue of the world's only working-class government, beset by all the world's capitalism.

It does not cry in vain. In Italy, in France, in Britain, it gets a strong response. And how worded? How worded even in Britain? Worded in threats of strikes which defy the most precious gains of British democratic political development and which say in effect to Britain's rulers:

"Here begins, *if you want it*, the tolling of the passing bell of constitutional government in the land which gave it its birth. Here begins the new government of political dictatorship by industrial force. We have never before struck for a political purpose. We strike for a political purpose now. We will coerce you. We are a minority, but we are masters of the strategic points in England's industrial life, and we are organized. The mass of the electorate is unorganized and purposeless. We have made ourselves into a conscious group with purpose and knowledge. You may fool the mass. You cannot fool us. We know what you are doing, and we will stop you. If you use force against the international working-class in Russia, we will use force against you here. We will blockade the whole British bourgeoisie with a strike, and in one month you will do what we tell you to do; because in one month the

unorganized and purposeless mass of the electorate would rather take us as rulers and get bread and coal than keep you as rulers and starve and freeze. So you will yield, before the month is out; and we warn you now. If you continue the class war of coercion against our class in Russia, we will institute the class war of coercion against your class in Britain; and never forget, my lords and gentlemen, that this is the country which, besides producing Mr. Balfour, also produced Oliver Cromwell, who was as good at dispersing parliaments as Lenin can ever hope to be; and we now introduce to you Mr. Robert Smillie, of the miners' Union, whose army of pitmen is as zealous as Cromwell's army of saints and quite as able to give the House of Commons a purge. Do you want it? Do you want another Lord Protector? Do you want another dictatorship, by a new commonalty? We have it to give you. And now that you have got us to thinking about it, perhaps we will give it to you anyway. Your Russian policy proves you to be the incorrigible enemy of the working-class everywhere. The class war which you have declared on the banks of the Don, and the method of it, we accept

on the banks of the Thames; and we will revise the Constitution of England by blockades of docks, blockades of mines, blockades of railways, famine, cold, suffering, compulsion."

Such is the hideous spirit raised to new power in England, as in France and Italy, by intervention in Russia. A year ago in England Mr. Arthur Henderson was a greater leader of British Labor than Mr. Smillie. He was, and is, more conservative. He was more influential. To-day, in the contest between Mr. Henderson and Mr. Smillie—between the idea of action through majority-rule and the idea of action through strike-force—Mr. Smillie, by a decision of the British Labor Party, is victor. The decision was made on a test case; and the test case was the action for stopping of intervention in Russia.

Intervention, every additional day of it, every additional day of blockaded suffering for millions of innocent Russian women and children, gives new power, artificially, to the exponent of strike-force and of government by compulsion in Allied countries. The deeper the Allies go into Russia, the deeper they go into the class war at home. And

the deeper they go into the class war at home, in western Europe, the closer they press it into the United States.

These results, in Russia and out of Russia, were predictable and predicted. To see that they were bound to come, one needed only to see one thing: that the Russian bomb was a bomb with a social system in it and a social challenge thought out, worked out, and Marxian.

On Easter day of 1918, in Moscow, when Robins got his Russian newspapers, he noticed two different greetings of the day in them. In certain newspapers the old line still ran, with which all Russian newspapers during the old régime used to announce Easter day to their readers—the sacred line: "Christ is Risen." But in the newspapers of the Soviet revolution there was a new line. It replaced the line "Christ is Risen." It announced instead: "One Hundred Years Ago To-day Karl Marx was Born."

Reading it, Robins thought of Count Mirbach, German ambassador at Moscow. He thought of him sitting in his car, at the recent May-day parade in Moscow, and watching those German war prisoners who

brushed by him with the banner calling "German comrades, overthrow your Kaiser as the Russian comrades have overthrown their Czar." He thought of him, he saw him again, replying to that banner with a face visibly promising soldiers, regiments, armies, force, hate, to tame these revolted slaves. The Easter-day greeting of the Soviet newspapers, thought Robins, said something to Mirbach. To Mirbach and to all persons like him, of all nationalities, German or French or British or American, it said:

"You want force? You want war? Well, you shall have it. We will give you more of it than you ever thought could be. We will give you the war of Karl Marx. We will give you the war of household against household, of citizen against citizen, of one tier of people against another tier of people, everywhere, day and night. You will be violent? Of course. That is just what we said. It is our own philosophy. We have always said, we Bolsheviks, that you would never stir an inch from your meal of power and privilege and plunder except by violence. You want those terms. Have them. They are our terms. We are ready. We have trained ourselves to all the forms of force you

know and to many you do not know—force in industry, force in the dark, force far down and hidden. You sit on the roof of the world, making merry, with all the Philistines. But Samson is beneath you now. He has ground for you and sweated for you. But now he puts his arms about the pillars of the house; and he cracks the pillars; and if he pulls the whole house down and wrecks it, he will not care. You have hardened him to hardships. He will not care. He will go on and struggle with you in the world's ruins. And he will win. He outnumbers you. He outnumbers the people who have enough property to be willing to lay down their lives for it. He is multitudinously stronger than you. And now he knows his strength. You insist on force? You are lost. Samson is upon you, and his hair is grown now, and his strength is revealed to him now, and he has the self-knowledge and the self-confidence now to do you to death. One Hundred Years Ago To-day Karl Marx was Born."

So spoke the Bolshevik Easter day to men like Mirbach; but it also spoke, and said something, to men like Robins. It said something to men of religion.

Robins was elected minister of St. Bernard's congregation at Nome in Alaska when he was a miner. He is not an ordained minister. He might be said to be a minister by initiative and referendum. Having been elected at Nome, he has more or less continued to hold office at large. For many years now he has divided his time equally between industrial work, political work, and religious work. When he saw "Christ is Risen" replaced by "Karl Marx was Born" he was challenged personally. His reply rose in his mind in thoughts which carried him back to things he had seen in his own country as well as to things he had seen in Russia.

"These Bolsheviks," he said to himself, "are right in a way. They are saying to people like me:

"'See here. You have put in a lot of time in pulpits and on platforms, professing to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ saving the world. Now make good. Show us Jesus Christ risen in your mills and in your banks and by the lathes in your machine-shops and by the tickers in your promoters' offices. Show Him to us risen there, or quit.'

"It is a natural challenge. It is a chal-

lenge human and understandable. And I have to say, I have to admit, that I do not see Jesus Christ risen in the world's work-places, except in faintest outline. I think, indeed, that many barbarities of pagan working life—slaves crucified, great estates cultivated by prisoners in chains, babies of the poor exposed to die—have been removed from among us by the presence of a religion teaching the equality of men and teaching mercy. But I admit that the industrial process itself is not Christianized. I admit that Jesus Christ is not present in the chart-room of a capitalism of world-wide profiteering, of world-wide excess wealth taken from consumer and from worker, and of world-wide subjugation of foreign markets among feeble peoples by force.

"I admit further that Karl Marx was born.

"But after those admissions, and because of those admissions, I more than ever say, knowing that only saying it and wanting it and believing it in the world of faith can bring it to pass in the world of sight, 'Christ is risen.'

"For what is Karl Marx? Karl Marx is the naturally and truly begotten son of an un-Christianized capitalism.

"What made Bolshevism in Russia? When you strip cause from cause and layer from layer in the foundation of Bolshevism in Russia, and get to rock-bottom, you will find: Bolshevism in Russia was made by the social failure of the Russian Church.

"In the stormiest hours of the Russian revolution, when moral leadership was needed to keep society from social moral wreck, I heard great assemblies of the Russian Church debating rituals, and debating ecclesiastical titles to excessive ecclesiastical accumulations of land, and sending out not one message of guidance to the Russian people in search of daily justice between man and man.

"The Russian Church then remained, during the revolution, as before the revolution, a class church. It had no message to the state, except in confirmation and sanctification of autocracy. It had no message to industry except in repetition of the debasing and enslaving doctrine, loved by every profiteer and sweat-shopper, that all wrong and all hardship in this present world may be borne patiently in the light of God's redress to come hereafter. It was a class church, and it made Jesus Christ the symbol

of a class rule of rich against poor, in hate and blood; and on every Easter day the newspapers which had just spent another twelve months keeping the nobleman on the back of the peasant with Cossack whip and the Gentile on the back of the Jew with public mob, newspapers of the knout and the pogrom, would most especially as the organs of Holy Russia, cry: 'Christ is risen.' They erased Christ in fact. They left a blank page for the Bolsheviks to write on. The Bolsheviks wrote.

"A class industry and class state, made in the image of a class church, will produce Bolshevism anywhere. It will produce a revolt against existing religion along with a revolt against the existing state and against existing industry. Bolshevism is loss of faith in progress by Christian means. It is loss of faith in progress by co-operation between classes, by sympathy between man and man, by sacrifice of interest to service, by the bearing of one another's burdens. Bolshevism is the declaration that every class must bear its own burden and must fight its own fight and will never get any quarter and must give no quarter.

"The Christian religion, the religion of the

doctrine of the atonement, the religion of the doctrine of vicarious suffering and of reconciliation by sacrifice and service, is the precise opposite of that declaration. But it cannot prevent that declaration unless the spirit of its doctrine is accepted by the industrial process which produces that declaration.

"It is for the church to show the doctrine, with its social, practical meaning. Industry must make the decision of acceptance or rejection. The parting of the ways is lighted now as it was never lighted before. It is lighted by the fires of Russia. The sign-post seems to me to say with the greatest clearness:

"'Either the spirit of Jesus Christ regenerating the present system, or the spirit of Karl Marx creating a new system. Either a capitalism turned from profiteering and sweating to sacrifice and service and voluntary co-operation, or socialism introduced by class war and class coercion.'

"I do not see how the choice can be avoided. 'Karl Marx was born.' 'Christ is risen.' It is a day as the day of St. Paul when he said, 'How can ye escape so great a salvation?' and added, 'Ye cannot escape.'

The choice must be made. And if we wish to check the doctrine of force, and if we wish to develop and to secure an industrial system of free personality in leadership and of co-operation in freedom and of the virtues of free self-controlling, self-giving men, surely, with a sureness unquestionable, the choice must be, 'Christ is risen.'"

In any case, the Allied effort to check the doctrine of Bolshevism and to check the Soviet republic by methods devoid of Christianity and devoid of healing grace and full only of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth cannot be said to have brought us anything but woe and danger for ourselves at our own firesides and in our own social order. I ended by asking Robins what policy, in his judgment, should supersede the policy of intervention in the future.

He replies that in his judgment the American policy toward the Soviet republic in the future should simply be what it actually originally was when it was American and before it was Europeanized by pressure from London and Paris. One of the strongest arguments ever made against intervention in Russia is in a communication proceeding from our State Department and bearing the

imprint of the President's own English style, put there either by himself or by a faithful official copyist.

This argument rests itself on a sound, simple, native American perception of the truth that we did not enjoy the effort of British statesmen in the 'sixties of the last century to intervene in humanity's name in our American Civil War, and that other races and peoples also like to keep their civil wars to themselves. It is an argument crediting Russians with human instincts. It went to Russia by cable, as a copy of a note to Japan, previously communicated to representatives of Britain, France, and Italy. It did not fall within the category of notes entitled, by the unwritten canons of open diplomacy, to be published. But it deserved publication. It was an able document. It assumed that of course the Japanese would give assurances of their excellent intentions in Siberia, but it remembered that the Germans had given assurances of their excellent intentions in the Ukraine, and it said:

> It [the American government] is bound in frankness to say that the wisdom of intervention seems to it most questionable. If it were undertaken, emphasizing the assumption that the most explicit

assurances would be given that it was undertaken by Japan as an ally of Russia in Russia's interest . . . the Central Powers could and would make it appear that Japan was doing in the East precisely what Germany is doing in the West and so seek to counter the condemnation which all the world must pronounce against Germany's invasion of Russia, which she attempts to justify on the pretext of restoring order; and it is the judgment of the United States . . . that a hot resentment would be generated in Russia, and particularly among the friends of the Russian revolution, for which the Government of the United States entertains the greatest sympathy in spite of the unhappiness and misery which has for the time being sprung out of it.

This judgment was delivered in March of 1918, four months after the Bolsheviks came into power. Mental italics should be placed under the passage "could and would make it appear that Japan was doing in the East precisely what Germany is doing in the West" and under the passage "a hot resentment would be generated." It has, indeed, been made to appear, and a hot resentment has, indeed, been generated, and large numbers of Russians have refused to accept our "pretext" that we are in Russia to restore "order," and new Bolsheviks have risen out of every village on every front to fight us, and American soldiers have died, and they have died in vain, and Mr. Wilson foresaw it.

Why not foresee it some more, before some more Americans die in vain? Why not foresee it some more, on behalf of Britons and Frenchmen as well as on behalf of Americans? We have been comrades to the British and the French. We are deeply in their debt, as they in ours. We do not want, and we ought not to want, to act without full previous consultation with them in Russia. But we have followed their policy there for some time. Will they not agree to join us in following an American policy there for a while? At any rate, will they not agree to give us a free hand to follow that policy ourselves in full friendship for them and in full participation by them in the benefits we hope it may yield? It would be:

Lift the blockade on Russia. Refuse, that is, to support the Allied blockade. Readmit the Russian population to the world. Readmit them to it in so far as American ships and American supplies are concerned. Equip the Russian population with the materials necessary for the re-establishment among them of a going economic life. They have always depended on imports for certain materials. They have never themselves

manufactured them in sufficient quantity. Sell them such materials now. Sell them rails and locomotives and other transportation materials in order that they may be able to bring food from places of abundance in Russia to places of hunger. Stop the hunger. If we are serious in wanting to convert the Russians from Bolshevism and in wanting to make them see the superiority of Western democracy, stop the hunger. Can anybody really think that a Russian boy who has watched his mother pale and sicken with the hunger put upon her by Mr. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson will grow up full of a passion of admiration for Western democracy? Do we want to convert the Russian people? Or do we want only to torture them? Lift the blockade.

Next, go back to Mr. Wilson's own project, put on the ways by his administration last year and almost launched, for missions to Russia charged with the truly missionary work of establishing human helpful relations between the new order in Russia and the American republic—relations in which Americanism, industrial Americanism, personal Americanism, could genuinely and continu-

ously spread itself into the Russian mind and so come to some actual chance of doing a little practical American propaganda on behalf of the American system in Russia's stupendous future.

Is it possible that Bolsheviks are missionaries and we are not? Is it possible that Bolshevism is a religion and Americanism is not? Is it possible that agents from Moscow can dare to adventure themselves in our cities and can convert our people, and that we do not dare to adventure ourselves in their cities and cannot convert their people? Is their cause so good and they so brave and our cause so poor and we so weak? In the name of the country which George Washington did not found on quicksand and in the name of the institutions which Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson did not organize and animate to be blown over by a wind from Moscow, let us shake ourselves free from this nightmare of propagandized cowardice. Argument for argument, and steel rail for steel rail, in politics and in economics, let us hope that we talk and run with Soviet Russians in an open race and still show them some dust.

They are perfectly willing to let us come

and talk and prove. The unadventurous fact is that the life of a member of an American or Allied mission in Russia is just as safe there as it could possibly anywhere be. Major Allen Wardwell could offer pertinent testimony on that point.

Major Wardwell was a member of the American Red Cross Mission in Russia. Like Major Thacher, he is in private life a New York lawyer. In the American Red Cross Mission in Russia he was Chief of Transportation. He became head of the mission, by Robins' selection, when Robins returned to America. Major Wardwell stayed in Russia all through the summer of 1918 and on into the fall. He saw the first great outburst of the Mass Terror. He lived in Russia in its days of greatest personal peril. But he differed from certain other representatives of foreign governments in Russia. He took no part in plots for the blowing up of railway bridges to interrupt the supplies of the Soviet government. He took no part in plots for the bribing of Soviet army officers to upset the military organization of the Soviet government. He remained neutral in the Russian civil war. Remaining neutral, he remained in perfect security. He

stayed till October, seeing Russia at its reddest, attending to his own American Mission business, in full protection by the Soviet government; and then he came out in full liberty, unmolested and unhindered.

The Soviet Russians are altogether willing to listen to Americans (or to Englishmen or Frenchmen or Italians) who can keep their fingers out of Russian fights. From such Americans our American missions to Russia should be recruited.

These missions should be, above all, commercial and industrial and financial. Naturally, they should be also educational. There would seem to be little doubt that the Soviet government would be glad to receive lecturers from our universities, just as it is glad to receive journalists from our newspapers. Soviet Russia is wide open to inquiry. It welcomes, it requests, inquiry. It does not want inquirers who plot, but it offers a free field to inquirers who will inquire and come to conclusions, friendly or hostile, and go to the lecture platform and the printing-press with them.

Soviet Russia is not afraid of an interchange of views with us. If we have confidence in our ideas—and only a renegade

American can fail to have confidence in them —let us export a few of them to the place where they are most needed and where they will do us the most good. Our intellectual Benedict Arnolds, who despair of the intellectual validity of the American cause and who yell for a policeman every time they see a Bolshevik argument headed for them, can be profitably left at home. Genuine Americans, with confidence in Americanism, could profitably be sent to Russia, carrying with them the appealing treasures—are they appealing or are they not?—of American history, American thought, American purpose. They will experience no difficulty at all in presenting their ideas to Russian circles.

But, since Bolshevism is essentially an economic system, our missions to Russia should be primarily economic. They should devote themselves especially to the establishment of methods of trade with the new Russian order. A year of trade will do more to harmonize Bolshevism with the rest of the world, and with the safety of the rest of the world, than a generation of invective and invasion.

This trade is eminently possible, besides

proising to be eminently profitable. The Bolsheviks, instead of wishing to shoot every foreign trader at the frontier, have over and over again requested us to enter into economic relations with them, provided only that those relations are not used as a cover for political intrigue. Russia, wide open to the influence of intellectual inquiry by us, is also wide open to the influence of our trading system. Could any intellectual and economic enemy offer us a fairer field of competition and combat?

In this matter of trade the Bolsheviks begin by offering to pay the Czar's public foreign debt. Their declaration regarding the payment of the debt was suppressed widely in the Allied and Associated press. But it was perfectly explicit. It offered peace and payment.

Next, the Bolsheviks offer "concessions" —regular "concessions"—"concessions" to private capital for the development of Russia's enormous undeveloped natural resources on terms of profit to private capital. Already the arrangements are proceeding to completion for the "concession" through which the new great railway in Northern Russia will be built. The capital there in-

terested seems to be — in part, at least — Scandinavian. Scandinavian capital, Dutch capital, German capital cannot possibly be prevented by any thickness of blockade or by any heaviness of peace terms from transferring itself into Russian development — which means into the development of the world's most extensive untouched wealth of forest and mine.

The Bolshevik policy of granting "concessions" is thoroughly known, and has long been known, to the Allied and Associated governments.

If they choose now to block their own capitalists from Russia and choose to surrender the rapidly passing Russian opportunity to neutral and German capitalists, the responsibility is with them and not with the Bolsheviks. The Bolsheviks have offered to the Allied and Associated governments everything that they are now offering to others. They have offered it by messenger and they have offered it by wireless. To call them pro-German now for giving to Berlin the Russian economic leadership which they have already personally and publicly offered to Paris will be, of course, only one more logical step in the diplomacy

which refused the Bolshevik offer of the Black Sea Fleet and then had the triumphant verbal satisfaction of calling the Bolsheviks pro-German because the Germans got it. It will be only one more logical step; but it will be the step which loses the strategic economic battle of the war—the battle for the economic development of eastern Europe.

Our American missions to Russia should be the symbols of a total abandonment of that kind of diplomacy, and they should be the agents of the preparation of the channels by which not only American products, but American investments, can flow into Russia. If anything is more influential than trading, it is investing. The Bolsheviks ask us to invest. We invest in Mexico, where some of us get murdered. None of us get murdered in Russia unless we go there in arms. A Soviet Russia, able and willing to give us physical safety, offers to give us a welcome for our agents of knowledge, for our agents of commerce, for our agents of invested capital, carrying American ways of thinking and ways of doing into immediate contact with Russian life.

Robins simply says:

Accept that offer. Lift the blockade and

send American influence by every possible channel into every possible part of Russian life, central and local. Reciprocally admit to this country, and protect while here, the agents of Soviet buying-and-selling organizations. If any American representative in Russia mixes himself into Russian internal politics let him be deported, after proper punishment in Russia. If any Russian representative in America mixes himself into American internal politics let him be deported, after proper punishment in America. Let us put a firm stop to intrigues on both sides, and let us get down to the open human manly competition by which alone the quarrel between our two systems can ever be conclusively decided.

Can the Soviet Producers' Republic produce cattle and produce hides and produce locomotives and produce ships and carry the hides to market better than we can? Can it produce shoes and carry them to market better than we can? Can it, as it goes on, show a Russia more serviceable to human happiness and to human dignity in work and play than America? At the present time the Bolsheviks can say that they are not being allowed to show what their

system can do. It has been compelled by us to spend its time resisting invasion rather than organizing production. If now we extinguish it in blood, its adherents in Russia and its sympathizers in all countries outside Russia will be able to say, and will emphatically and continuously say:

"If Lenin had only been allowed to work his idea out into practice there would now be no poverty in the world and no misery. Look at the poverty we have now! Look at the misery! Down with it! And out of Lenin's grave, up with Lenin's idea again!"

This bomb cannot really be extinguished in blood, either now or at any other time. It can be extinguished only in the free air of fair controversy and of fair, practical proof. If the Soviet Producers' Republic can outcompete the American system in the economic world, it deserves to win. If it gets outcompeted by us, it will be inexorably obliged to modify itself and remake itself on our model. In the competition of intercourse the American Republic, the American system, has the field in which by merit it can demonstrably and conclusively win and make the Soviet system demonstrably and conclusively lose.

The choice is between intervention and intercourse. To anybody who believes that capital has a function in the world as well as labor; to anybody who believes that a free capitalistic order is possible and that it is better for human beings than a proletarian dictatorship; to anybody who does not want to see the whole world slide down the slope of an accelerating class war into an inevitable universal proletarian dictatorship—Robins would say:

"The Russian choice is the choice. As you choose in Russia, so goes the world. You have seen intervention. Climb back up the slope. Climb with your finger-nails. Climb with your teeth. But get back to the air. Fight Bolshevism where you can fight it. Fight it where humanity and Christianity can be with you. Fight it to a finish where the finish can leave you standing, standing in honor and standing in success. Choose the policy in which a free economic system can prove itself free and keep the world free. Choose intercourse with Russia."

THE END